

VOL V

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No 118

THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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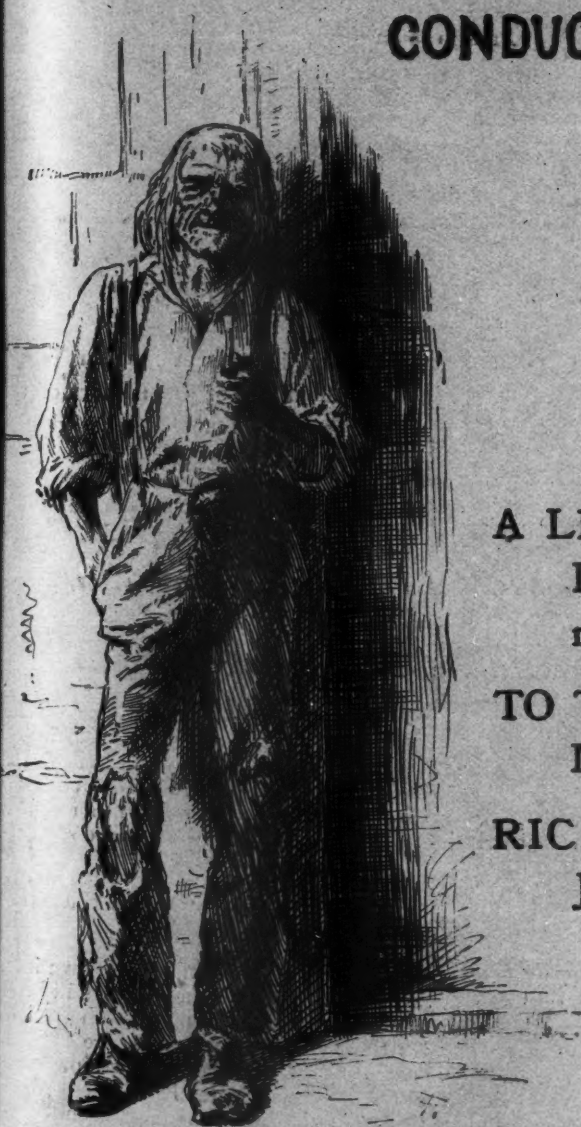
May 14, 1884.

LEADING FEATURES.

A LEGEND OF POLECAT HOLLOW (concluded). With numerous illustrations by A. B. Frost.

TO TRUE FOR FICTION. III. A Matter of Fact Fellow.

RICHARD HENRY DANA. By John Vance Cheney.



OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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Too True for Fiction.—Under this general heading a novel and attractive type of literature is now presented in *THE CONTINENT*, and will be continued for several months. The names of the authors of this series are published collectively, but the authorship of each particular story will not be revealed until after the completion of the series. Among the authors who will be represented are

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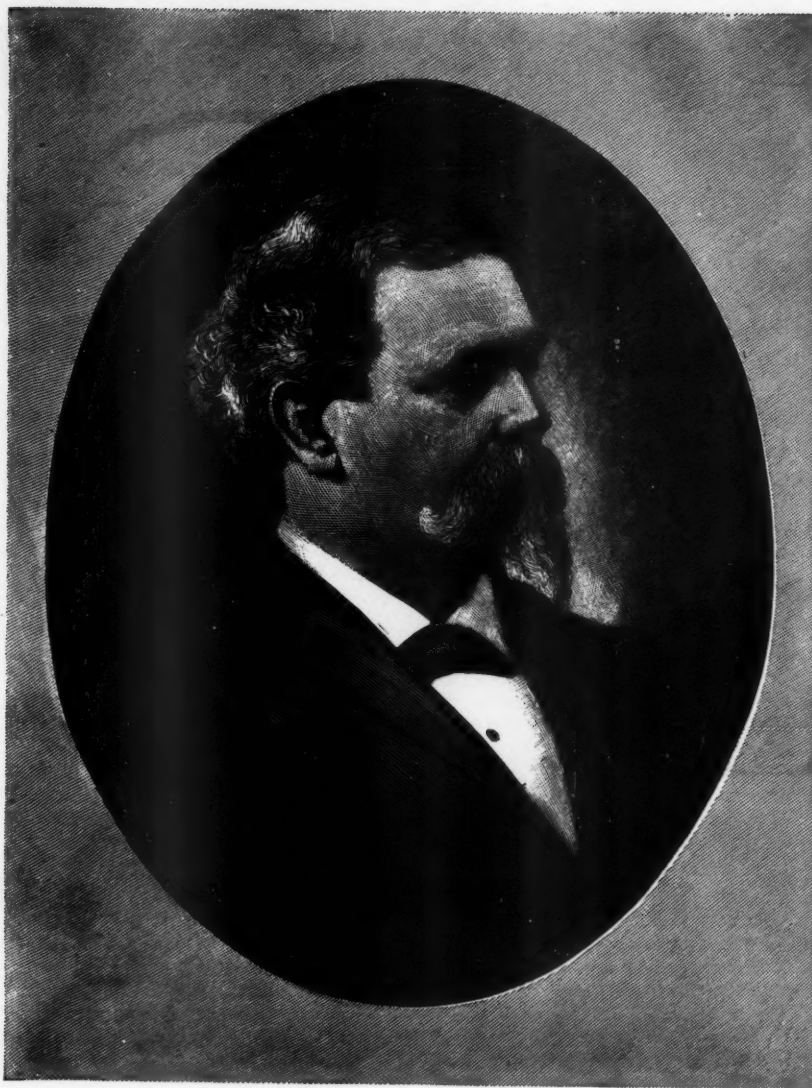
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Josiah Hawley.

[Engraved by Thomas Johnson, from a photograph by Brady.]

A PROBABLE CANDIDATE.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we present to our readers the portrait of General Joseph R. Hawley, one of the Senators from Connecticut. As the time for the holding of the Republican Convention draws nearer, it becomes more and more apparent to every cool-tempered observer that no man for whom a fight is being made for the nomination stands any reasonable chance of appearing on the ticket. Aside from all other considerations, the fact is patent to all, that Mr. Blaine has strength enough to kill Mr. Arthur's chances, and that President Arthur has sufficient power to make a "stiff" of Mr. Blaine's hopes. The friends of each one believe that their favorite has no hope, except in the death of his particular adversary.

In this they are entirely correct. Mr. Blaine's success would mean not only defeat but humiliation to Mr. Arthur and his friends; and the same would be true of Mr. Blaine and his friends in case of Mr. Arthur's success. It is with them a struggle to the death, and, in a personal sense, neither has anything to hope for, in case of defeat. President Arthur has had a strangely successful political career, with a singularly uneventful life. Prominent in our political history only as a party manager and an executive officer in the customs' service, he would hardly have received the honor of a two-line notice in the necrology of the year had he died on the first day of the Republican Convention of 1880. A singular concatenation of events made him President. There has been nothing in his administration, wise and cautious though it has been, to lead us to suppose that he would again rise to prominence should he retire to private life. He is, by nature, a lieutenant rather than a leader—of an executive rather than an originating or commanding intellect. Unless re-elected, it is more than likely that his active political career will close with the third day of March, 1885. With Mr. Blaine the case is even worse. "Three times and out" applies in the game of politics almost as rigidly as in base-ball. The habit of coming in just a neck behind the winner is an awkward reputation to fasten upon a statesman of his age. He has put himself out of the natural line of succession in minor places, and his book, which can in honor hardly be much longer delayed, is not likely, judging from the specimens already given, to add to his reputation. Indeed, it is pretty certain to exert an influence of a very different character, and should he finally muster courage to put it forth during his lifetime, he is very likely to find himself hoist with his own petard, and outliving his own repute. He is too keen a man not to realize the force of facts. Upon his behalf, therefore, the present contest must be one of desperation. It is his last stroke, and, unless he makes a home-run, his last inning. In a less degree the same reasoning applies to other named competitors. Among them it is a fight not only each for himself, but each seeking to destroy the other. This is not only a logical result, but is simply human

nature. The result, almost unavoidably, must be that neither of these leading contestants can safely be chosen as the candidate of the party. The almost universal conviction among the rank and file of its voters is that the contest must be decided by the selection of another. All over the country it will be found that there is going on at this time a careful canvass of the availability of other names. Mr. Edmunds' strength as a candidate is largely the result of this state of affairs. Men who do not want either of the declared claimants to succeed, turn toward him as a possible choice. His location and character are both obstacles to his success. As a man he seems utterly lacking in the popular element. As a statesman he is strangely affected with a sense of age. To the average voter there is very little difference in the ages of the Vermont Senators. To the popular mind he is at least a decade older than Mr. Blaine. His life and work seem to be of the past. His wit, one of the keenest the Senate has ever known, is of that pungent, cynical character that has made no friends. Indeed, outside of the Senate and his own state Mr. Edmunds is about as much of an abstraction as a living man can well become.

Outside of these three there has been very little consideration given to Eastern possibilities. The almost unanimous joining of Mr. Lincoln's name as Vice-Presidential candidate with that of each of the three Eastern favorites has given him a prominence not at all intended by the parties who are responsible for it. This unwitting testimony to the strength and popularity of his name is more than likely to result in his nomination for the first place on the ticket with a unanimity which will no doubt appear surprising.

In any event, it is very certain that one of the candidates will be from the extreme Eastern section, and, considering all the circumstances, it seems more than likely that Senator Hawley will be the fortunate man. The circumstances which make in his favor are briefly these:

- 1.—An unblemished character, and a singularly even, successful, and varied career.
- 2.—A personal popularity that is perhaps unexcelled by any living politician.
- 3.—A peculiar freedom from factional complications or personal enmities. Neither "Half-breed" nor "Stalwart" has any objection to urge against General Joe Hawley.
- 4.—His extensive and intimate acquaintance with the business men and business interests of the country has given them a peculiar confidence in his steadiness, reliability and fairness, which is not bounded by party lines.
- 5.—He comes from a state which is always doubtful, has been singularly barren of clamorous candidates, and which from its situation has more influence upon the thought and sentiment of New

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

York than any other. Leave out of consideration President Arthur, and General Hawley would undoubtedly command a stronger following among the business men of the metropolis than any other Eastern Republican.

- 6.—He is the very converse of Mr. Edmunds, in that he is generally accounted younger than he really is rather than older. He is most emphatically of the present. In thought and sentiment he is in the keenest sympathy with the most advanced element of today. At the same time a brilliant army record links him with the most resplendent memories of the past. Born in North Carolina, he has retained an especial fondness for the home of his boyhood.

Though thoroughly in accord with the best thought of the East, he is by temperament and personal characteristics closely akin to the West. His natural *bonhomie*, deepened by the experience of the camp and field, has produced in him that rare combination, an Eastern man whom the West "takes stock in" without discounting the fact of location.

In our opinion, the chances of General Hawley's selection as one of the nominees of the party at

Chicago are better than can be claimed for any other Eastern Republican. At the same time, we do not think he is likely to be the head of the ticket, for reasons we have already given. Lincoln and Hawley would, however, make a ticket that would command the enthusiastic support of every Republican, and win not a few from the ranks of their opponents. While appealing especially to the young men of the country, it would hold the confidence and patriotic esteem of the generation to whom the period of the war is a memory and not a tradition. In our opinion no other two names can be found that possess so many of the requisites of success, the presentation of which would go so far in guaranteeing victory. Our belief in their selection is based entirely in our confidence that the sturdy, common-sense of the rank and file is always more potent in determining the course of the Republican party than the machinations of tricksters and wire-pullers. It is a ticket the adoption of which would transform a doubtful struggle into an assured victory before the battle was gained. The cannon which should announce the choice of the convention would, in that case, hardly have time to grow cold before they would herald forth the same names as victors.

A. W. T.

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY was born at Stewartsville, Richmond County, North Carolina, October 31st, 1826, and there lived with his parents until he was eleven years of age, when the family removed to Connecticut. His father was a clergyman, and died recently at Hartford.

In 1842 the family went to Cazenovia, N. Y., and there Joseph received his schooling, and subsequently entered Hamilton College, whence he was graduated in 1847. Referring recently to his early life in the South, he said that he could distinctly remember the excitement of the nullification period there. His hatred of slavery was established by what he saw of the "institution" in North Carolina.

General Hawley began the practice of law in Hartford in company with the Hon. John Hooker, the present reporter for the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Both he and Mr. Hooker were active in the formation of the Republican party in Connecticut, a preliminary meeting for that purpose having been held in their office. The result was a State Convention and the nomination of a state ticket in advance of the Fremont campaign in 1856. General Hawley was a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention of that year. He had been all his life a vigorous hater of slavery, and when public sentiment began to crystalize into the form of a substantial political organization, he saw that his service in the cause might be more valuable if he devoted himself to journalism and abandoned the law. A favorable opportunity to change professions soon presented itself. The Hon. Gideon Welles, who had been one of the foremost democrats in the state, had abandoned his party upon the pro-slavery issues raised by the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the course of the Buchanan administration, and he joined with others in full sympathy with

the work marked out for the Republican party, established the Hartford *Evening Press*, which after some changes of editorship came under the control of the firm of Hawley & Faxon, the latter being subsequently Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Later Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who had been a college-mate of Hawley's and who was practicing law in Chicago, took a position on the paper, and the *Press* continued with good success and much influence till 1867, when it was united with the old-established Hartford *Courant*, which is to-day owned by Hawley, Goodrich & Co., the partners being Joseph R. Hawley, William H. Goodrich, Charles Dudley Warner and Stephen A. Hubbard.

At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion in 1861, Mr. Hawley, then at his desk in the *Press* office, responded to a local call for the organization of a volunteer military company, which was to be recruited on the public square directly opposite his office, and he was the first man to enroll his name, the first volunteer of the first company of the first regiment raised in Connecticut to go to the front in answer to the summons of Abraham Lincoln for 75,000 three months' volunteers. He was chosen second lieutenant, and speedily promoted to captain, and at the battle of Bull Run his company was specially distinguished for remaining in good order throughout, including the retreat, which, as a whole, as the country knows, was a masterly scare and panic. So orderly was this exceptionally well-drilled Yankee company, that Mr. Russell, in his description of the battle scene given in the London *Times*, made special mention of it.

Re-enlisting for the war at the close of the three months' campaign, Captain Hawley became Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment, as the successor of Alfred H. Terry, who was promoted to a brigadier-

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

generalship, and at the head of that regiment did service in South Carolina, and especially brave and gallant service in the charges upon Fort Wagner, and upon many other battlefields of the war, ending with the final campaign in Virginia. He was made a full brigadier-general of volunteers for faithful service, and at the close of the war was breveted a major-general. He remained in the service till the last remnant of the rebellion had been dispersed, being in Richmond after its capture as chief-of-staff to General Terry, who was placed in command there. This is but a hasty sketch of the soldier-record of a man who went into the army from deep conviction, and did his whole duty without any attempt to parade his services or magnify his patriotism.

In civil life General Hawley has distinguished himself as a conscientious statesman, and has shown a capacity for public affairs which has served him in many stations. Returning from the war in 1865, his fellow-citizens of Connecticut in the following year elected him governor of the commonwealth, as the successor of Governor Buckingham. In that position he did himself full credit. His election to Congress for several successive terms was from a district exceedingly close in its partisan divisions. His record in the lower house was honorable in the highest degree. The published debates of the time show that he had decided opinions upon all debatable questions of national interest. He was sound on the currency and upon other matters which involved the stability of our national career. He is now filling out his first term in the Senate of the United States, and there, as in all places which he has been called upon to fill, his record is clean and honorable.

His executive capacity and his sterling honesty were never more strikingly displayed than during his arduous service as President of the Centennial Commission. The great Exposition in Philadelphia was a grand triumph, not by the skill and direction of any one man, but the errors of one man might have made it a failure and a disgrace. The country felt that it was in safe hands with General Hawley at its head, and, while his associates deserved as they received their full measure of public confidence, his administrative ability was universally recognized, and his record in that honorable position will stand among the best and noblest achievements of his life.

In politics General Hawley is a politician—not in any narrow or offensive sense. He is not a wire-puller, nor always the most politic of politicians; but he believes in political action, in party friction, and goes to the extent of saying that the next thing to a man's duty to his God is his duty as a citizen. He has delivered in many parts of the country a lecture on "Gentlemen in Politics," and this title shows what he means when he urges the importance of a prevailing and deep interest by all honorable men in political affairs. He would have the primary meetings controlled by the best men, whose absence frequently invites improper nominations. The force of his argument in this respect is unassailable. He is a "practical politician" in the larger sense, believing in party organization and discipline, backed by the best influences of the best men, and not a politician in the sense of striking hands with the brutal force of the slums to manipulate caucuses under the vile power of a machine boss. General Hawley is an outspoken man. He acts upon his convictions always, and sometimes upon his impulses, but his impulses reflect his integrity of purpose. His quarrel with General Butler illustrates his courage of opinion. In 1870 there was a public gathering at Woodstock, Conn., under the

auspices of Henry C. Bowen, who has a summer residence there. President Grant and other distinguished men were there. General Butler had been selected as the orator of the occasion, and took advantage of his opportunity to make a speech denouncing Chinese labor, as at that time the Crispin associations of Massachusetts were aroused over the North Adams experiment with the Chinese, and invited demagogical support. At the close of General Butler's address there were loud calls for General Hawley, who responded in a five-minute speech, vigorously denouncing the arguments just advanced. His position had the support of the crowd, and General Butler was so angered by the reply to his speech that from that time on he became the sworn enemy of General Hawley. On the cars returning from that meeting to New York was a distinguished representative at Washington of a foreign court, who was impressed with the incident referred to, and he summed up his view of it by saying to a gentleman prominent in public affairs: "Your man Butler is a politician; but your man Hawley is a man of conviction."

General Hawley has represented Connecticut in nearly all the national conventions of the Republican party, and has usually, if not on every occasion, had more to do in shaping the platforms adopted than any other man. At Chicago in 1868 he was permanent president of the convention. That was a time when George H. Pendleton, as the champion of the Greenback movement, had aroused the Democratic party almost to an issue against the payment of the national debt by assailing the government bondholders. There were many timid men in the Republican party. In his opening address to the convention, General Hawley settled the whole case as to Republican duty and policy. "Every bond of the United States," he said, "should be held as sacred as a soldier's grave." The vast convention eagerly caught the sentiment, and it was embodied in the platform adopted. On another occasion, when the payment of the public debt was under consideration and repudiation was threatened, he tersely rebuked the threat, and asserted the impossibility of national dishonor, because "Uncle Sam is a gentleman."

As a platform speaker General Hawley is one of the most impressive of the political orators of the country. His manner is energetic, his voice full and resonant, and his matter well arranged and forcibly put. He would make a splendid campaigner in a joint discussion after the manner of Western canvasses. When he ran for Congress against William W. Eaton, he issued a challenge to his opponent to hold joint meetings throughout the district, but Mr. Eaton declined for reasons probably satisfactory to himself. In a previous campaign he held one joint meeting with the late Senator Dixon, and made it most uncomfortable for that excellent gentleman. General Hawley never prepares his speeches beyond arranging their headings, and it is doubtful whether, if he did, he could put into form utterances so striking and oftentimes so eloquent as are found in all his purely extemporaneous efforts.

There are personal qualities about General Hawley which do not show upon the surface, as in cases where men are perhaps over-zealous to maintain a reputation for uncommon sociability and extensive acquaintance. The superficial quality of knowing all men and bowing to them on any and all occasions, even to taking the risk of bowing to the wrong man occasionally, is not a part of General Hawley's make-up. Some people undoubtedly, even in Hartford itself, have the impression

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

that the General is hardly to be approached at all; but upon direct acquaintance with him they would discover the most genial traits of character, a full fellowship with all cheery things, a warm good nature, and a strong attachment to friends. These very high personal qualities are naturally and properly displayed; but, as we have said, they are not exhibited on parade and there alone.

It is, or used to be, common to hear the original abolitionists referred to as "one idea" men, incapable of considering intelligently any question not material to the eradication of slavery. This was, no doubt, true in many cases, and in some notable instances the survivors of the conflict between freedom and slavery could not be satisfied after the Proclamation of Emancipation and the attending legislation subsequent to the establishment of peace between the nations. In saying that General Hawley hated slavery and was one of the originals, it should always be said that he was an Abolitionist or Free-soiler only in a constitutional direction. He was never fanatical on the subject, however earnest he might have been, and his old friends know that he was terribly in earnest. Before the rebellion struck at the flag and put itself where extra-constitutional means were to be justified in suppressing it, General Hawley contented himself with opposing slavery extension, leaving the old slave states to regulate their own affairs in their own way; but when the war came he was then impatient, like most people who foresaw the end and the necessities which would bring the right result, for the time to come when the shackles of the slave should be struck off. If in his early manhood he had any narrow view of political duty or constitutional restrictions, he outgrew them. He is to-day broad in his judgment of things. Indeed he is as conservative as a statesman and legislator as he was radical in the days when radicalism—properly tempered by the judicious presence in legislative halls of calmer influences—had a work to do, and finally did it.

It would seem from a review of General Hawley's public career, in which is involved no entangling alliance whatever, and no event which does not add to his stature as a man and citizen, that his friends are fully justified in saying that the country offers no more available candidate for the Presidency. He lives, however, in New England, and, if geography is to govern by the size of territory and not by the size of men, Connecticut must take the misfortune of its early settlement in the original Thirteen with philosophic resignation. But New England presents at least three candidates—Blaine, Edmunds and Hawley—showing

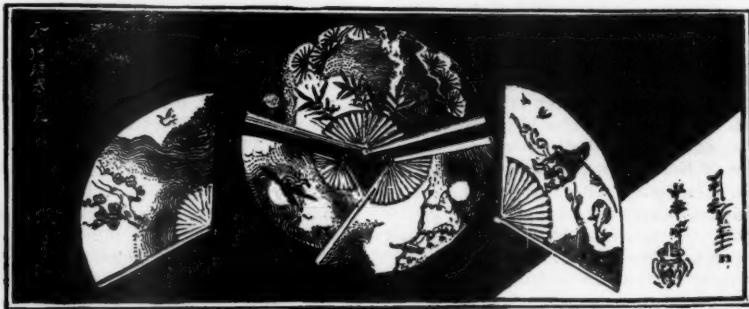
that its brain-force is still vigorous, even if its population by comparison is scant. And the Republican party may learn a useful lesson from the Democratic party with respect to Presidential nominations on sectional grounds. That party has had no Western candidate since Douglas was nominated at Baltimore in 1860. McClellan, Seymour, Greeley, Tilden and Hancock were all from the East, and all practically New York statesmen.

There are advantages, from a partisan point of view, which the Republican party would derive with a man like Hawley at the head of the ticket. He has, to begin with, a good following in the country. He is as well known in the West as in the East. He has been in no factional quarrel. He is a man in whom the independent voter has full confidence. He is sound on all public questions. The financial interests of the country can trust him. So can the business interests. He is a safe man on the tariff question—not an extremist, but a believer in protection *for* protection—and business and laboring men could support him without risk.

At fifty-seven years of age, he is in the prime of a vigorous manhood, with a clear brain in a sound body. He has a stout, muscular figure, a finely shaped head, indicating intellectual character and force, and in a multitude of men would be easily selected as a leader in any emergency requiring courage and commanding ability. In at least two national conventions of the Republican party he has been prominently named, both as a Presidential candidate and as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but the state of things then existing, with organized "booms" for other candidates, led his supporters to make no specially vigorous effort in his behalf. So far as there may be to-day any movement in his behalf, it is a spontaneous one, and comes quite as much from outside of New England as from within it. It is not probable that the delegation from his own state will go to Chicago under any pledge whatever, but the delegates will support him heartily if the temper of the convention shall warrant it.

If Mr. Blaine falls out of the race, and Mr. Edmunds fails to lead, there is good reason for saying that New England will be solid for General Hawley; and reports from the West indicate that he will be at least the second choice of several state delegations in that section, besides having a good support in the South. If made a candidate, he will surely carry all the Republican states, and be as popular in New York and the doubtful states as any candidate who has been named.

A. S. HOTCHKISS.



THE CONTINENT

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Whole No. 118.

A LEGEND OF POLECAT HOLLOW.*

BY TOBE HODGE



"OLD SOL PETERS, STANDING TALL AND GAUNT."

HEN Elk River lays itself down into bass-pools and salmon-ripples; when it nurses on its blue depths the shadows of rocks and mountains, rooted banks, and wealth of beech, elm, and ghostly sycamore; when it quietly lies in its cradle of fleecy clouds or golden sunset, no lovelier stream gathers the purity of trout-homes to freshen the busy Ohio. But when the mountains tease it to wrath with snow-drains, or lash it into fury with thousands of curling, twisting, cracking torrents, it gathers its wealth of logs and lumber, scores its banks with ice and drift, and off it goes in reckless impetuosity and madness until brought to sullen halt by the more sturdy and less impulsive Kanawha. Still, in all its moods it has a winning way.

Boone paused on its banks, stayed by the wealth of fish and game, and the congenial employment the surveying of its vast region of wilds gave him.

Louis battled the Indians—facing the hardy pioneer who first struck plow into its fertile bottoms with tomahawk and poisoned flints, fire, murder and massacre—across its waters to lay them low at Point Pleasant in 1774, and later, annoying bands of swarth trappers followed its windings from the north and east, chasing the foes of civilization before them, and away from their hunting-grounds and burial-places. Now nothing more is left of the red man than there is of the Elk water of more than a century ago. The clouds that float up and down, over and across the river may carry drops once familiar with its windings; should some of them fall on the clap-board roofs of log-cabins still inhabited by descendants of the old settlers, they might hear the stories they once knew so well, of horrid struggles, heroic devotion, or legend as wild, disconnected, and misty as themselves.

A pretty rock-walled, fern and moss-bedded branch of Elk, sweet in its flowers and freshness, is not so savory in its name—Polecat; but Polecat Hollow, as it opens with a swing of mountain and sweep of meadow to the river, is not to be shunned in day or night time, for it is safe now for the most fastidious. A tree-grown pile of mold and stones watches its meeting with the broader waters of the Elk, and close by the pile is a log cabin, notched and clap-boarded, stone-chimneyed, and daubed with mud, as was its parent lying in the heap, from which it seems to have sprung. The spot has unhallowed memories, and old Sol Peters, standing tall and gaunt, white-haired, hatless, protruding in all possible places through the

* (Copyright 1884. By Charles McIlhatne.)



"FINDING SHOLIT."

faded and patched sieve worn under protest and the requirements of the law, is rich in the story and legend of ninety years ago, and should he live another ninety years—as any such specimen of animated leather might do—Baron Munchausen will rise from his grave to give him the lie, if Sol Peter's stories increase in marvel in ratio with his years—that is, some of them. But when his voice is deep and husky; when his words come slow, as the welling up of something that will not be kept down; when his eyes seem pushed back by the very resistance of the great distance they look into; when a clamping muscular effort brings their lids together to wipe up watery dimness, loaded as the motion is with every wrinkle and curve of expression—even his arm is moved up and across his eyes by it; when he says, in explanation of all this, "I reckon I must hev ketched a bit uv cold, an' I hain't good at tellin' 'bout it no way;" then one may know that old Sol Peters is stirred clear to the bottom of his well of mentory, and there truth lies.

With all these signs, he told me this story just as it is written; and from where he stood, a living exponent of time and annihilator of years, he pointed around curves and twists of ravines, over and through mountains, with a finger that opened them like the rod of the prophet, for the mind to follow to the spots indicated, and gathered around him the forms long dead by the magnetic timbre of his voice as he told of them:

"I won't lend you my grubben-hoe. 'Taint no use, noway. I'm willin' to 'commodate you with what

leetle I hev; for you've kinder got inside my bark, an' we're frens; an' that's just pintedly the reason I won't lend you my grubben-hoe to dig in that Ingin buryen heap yander, fer harm 'ud come to you—harm 'ud come to you sure ez you'd strike a lick or tech one uv their carcasses, or any of their belongens. Don't you do it notime. It's been done by them as did it fer diviltry, an' them ez did it fer solemn arnest, an' nothen but mis'ry hez come uv it, an' sorry, an' worryin' an' dyin'. Ef the notion's got a scald on you, an' a tight grip—I'd hate a sight to part with you, an' hev' you leave these parts—git on your critter an' go, till you sees somethin' else that's cur'us to dig at.

"'Taint no notion uv an ole man; hit's jist ez true ez the sights on my rifle. Harm comes in it, an' mis'ry. I knows it myself. I knows it in every white hair uv my head. I hain't given to axen' people fer things ther' against; but I'd do a power to keep you frum that cussed bone-heap. I've known that Ingin mound iver sence I wuz borned in thet cabin thar, comin' ninety year' ago, an' ther's nothin' but mis'ry come uv it in my time. It were thar in the time uv my fayther. Thet pile uv stuff you see lyen' thar wuz all the Ingens left uv a cabin fer him, 'cause he planted taters on ter it. Thar's the coals uv two uv my kin thar.

"Sholit Simmonds wuz at my fayther's cabin—mine thar—when I wuz a chunk uv a boy—I mind it well. Thar wuz a sass-bilen goin' on. Thar wuz some boys an' gals gathered in fer to help, an' the fun thet wuz goin' on at sich times! Thar wuzn't many in these parts then. Cider wuz plenty, an' Sholit got purty lively, an' his mouth goin'. Somethin' wuz talked about the mound an' how the speerits uv the red varmints buried there watched an' chased any feller techin' it.

Sholit 'lowed he wuzn't afeered, an' the gal's dared an' sicced him on. I mind my har wuz nigh on to leavin' my head at the stories they wuz tellin'. Sholit said he'd go git an' arry out uv it ef the devil himself sot thar and his tail het red; but he went, an' them laughin' at him. It wuzn't long afore we heard a yell wuss nor a painter hollerin'. The gals screeched an' kivered up ther' heads with hum-spuns—thar wuzn't no caliker in them days—an' the boys all looked ez ef they didn't see no way out uv the cabin. The ole man grabbed his rifle an' started to see what wuz goin' wrong with Sholit. He wer' gone all that night, an' 'bout noon next day he come back a-leadin' Sholit. His clothes wuz gone—He wuz teared up like the last feller in a scrimmage, and he jist looked and said nothin', an' his eyes wuz rollin'. Hit were many a day afore he come to; when he did come 'roun' he were an' ole man, frum bein' as good a heeler an' toer ez thar wuz in them days uv chopped floors. He telled us that when he j'ined to dig he heard a grunt ahind him, an' he felt slow 'bout lookin' 'round, an' afore he could



"HOWDEE, UNIS!"

ther' wuz a scruch that took the hoe clean out 'n his han,' an' he jined footin' it for the cabin.

"Somethin' knocked him down, or tripped him up—he were jubus 'bout which it wuz—an' when he riz he couldn't see no light, an' he jined runnin' agin. He heard the arry's a whizzin' and tommyhawks crackin' agin the trees ez the ole Ingin speerits throwed them arter him. He said there wuz mor'n five hundred uv 'em. Over the mountain he went; through the bushes an' trees, jumpin', fallin', an' them arter him; an' clar on till big light 'gan to come next mornen. The ole man got on ter his trail an' followed it, an' found him lyin' atween two logs, with his face jammed into the leaves—ez nigh on ter dead ez he could git, an' clean out ov his head. He never got over that skeer ag'in. He were no 'count no how, an' in a few year he went dead. I mind the ole man a sayin' it mought hev been the cider, an' thet he found his old sow an' a litter uv pigs nigh to whar Sholit wuz diggin'; but in his 'pinion thar wuz no meanness the Inguns wasn't up to dead or liven, an' hit must hev been them dead uns, with all hell in 'em.

"Right smart o' our people hez seed the bucks dancin'

onter the carcass heap at the full uv the moon, an' the squaws sitting atop uv it kicken' an' throwen' themselves about in an onreg'lar way. I've seed 'em myself many a time. There's no creeter in these parts thet hez any knowen' but leaves the devils ther own—but I knows more 'bout it than any uv 'em. The mis'ry thet's come to me from 'it is past my tellin'. 'Twaan't no fault of mine. I'd done nothin' to fetch a judgment like what befel me onter my head. I've stood yer, wher I'm standin' now, many a time, an' watched Elk bilin' with her mad on, duckin' the logs under an' poppin' 'em clear out'n the water, an' wished I wuz one uv them logs, an' I've minded to go unbeknownst to nobody and drop myself in, an' take etarnity without swimmin' a lick.

"I'll tell you 'bout it, 'cause we're frien's.

"When a man's goin' on ninety thar hain't many takes to him—they think he's no 'count noway. Maybe he ain't worth much, but he's seed jist ninety year uv livin', an' thet's worth somethin'. I don't take to folks like I use to, nayther. You's the only one this many a year. I stan' yere, an' I go 'way yander back 'mongst my fren's, an' kin, an' her, an' lives it over—

doublin' on my track like; but thar's nobody but me to follow the scent. I'm like an' ole dorg arter his tail, but it does me a power uv good—a power uv good. It'll do me a power of good now. Hev' you any terbaccer 'bout you? Thanku. Lord, what a sight uv trails I gits on in a smoke—running 'em back. I tree some uv 'em an' some gits away, but I always catches 'em better when I'm smoken'. Lay down thar an' take it easy, for my mouth's goin' to go. I'm goin' to run a trail seventy year long, an' I'll jine at the fur end uv it an' come along.

"You were axin me the t'other day if there warden't some legends hereabouts, an' then you telled me that you meaned stories an' sich. I never heerd 'em called thet afore—legends, when ther the hull truth—then no lies; when thar yarns thar half lies; an' when thar lies, lies is the name for 'em. I've been thinkin' 'bout it since you telled me what a legend wuz—that they're a mixtery; you hears 'em—you don't know whar they come from, an' they mought hev come from the truth an' got spiled in the raisin'—them's legends. Hit were one uv them things, my fren', thet hez hanted my trail, but I didn't know the name uv it till you telled me.

"I wuz borned in that cabin thar. The old un wuz burned down jist afore my time, but I mind fayther goin' when he was an' ole man a-diggin' fer to see ef he could find any sign ov the two childern thet wuz burned in it, an' uv us goin' an' leadin' him away. Thar wuz some uv the charred, burnt wood thar then. The ole folks come from east uv the mountains in ole Varginny—God's kentry—and settled yere 'long with the carpenters. They hed a hard time uv it, but the wust wuz the red devils. Many a tale the ole man hez telled me uv 'em, an' how he fit 'em, an' followed 'em for murderin' his childern an' burnin' him out. I never seed none

uv 'em livin' Ingins. I'm rale put out 'bout that. I pintedly wanted to shoot one; I'd like to draw a bead on one afore I die for the ole man's sake.

"I lived yer jist like they did, huntin' an' fishin' an' plantin' a little corn an' jinen 'round home. I never had no larnin', but I gets the turkies an' hogs at shootin'-matches hereabouts now in spite uv their book larnin'. None uv 'em kin pint a rifle an' keep her from wabblin' like I ken.

"There wuz a hull lot uv us—seventeen boys an' girls—big an' stout, all uv 'em. Thar weren't much differ atween the boys and the girls, 'ceptin' the flummery on the hunters' shirts an' leggins; the gals nat'rally gits it on 'em. Thar all gone now. I were the baby. We used to hev lots of liveliness in them days, when the neighbors 'ud git together for a bean stringin' or a sugar bilin', or a sass makin' or a log rollin'. Ez I grewed along I wuz powerful fond uv dancin', uv sparkin', an' soft-like on the women. Thar wuz one—thar wuz one—thet's pintedly good terbaccer uv yourn. Thar wuz one—it were seventy-four year agone. I kin see her jist ez well now standin' afore me, purty all over, sound ez a colt, an' ez quick on jumpin' ez a deer, with a way—a soft way of lookin' out of her eyes at me. I wouldn't hev minded snake bit' nor tooth misery no more nor skeeter bites whenever them eyes of her'n wur turned onter me. She had a skittish way with me. Somehow we wuz allus together—no knowin' how—but jist let me look solemn or 'arnest, or go to foolin', an' she weren't thar—she were laughin' somewhar else, an' I wuz feelin' simple as a feller cotched kissin'. I couldn't keep away from her no more nor I'd give up trackin' a bar, an' darned if she didn't double on me wust kind. One day I'd think I hed her an' the next I wuz 'way funder yander behind, an' she jist laughin' an' coaxin', an' foolin' me, an' purrin' soft and low-like—like a cat rubbin' agin you. I were twenty then, an' gettin' jined in them days meant jist a standin' up an' havin' it said, an' livin' on where you wuz. I'd a axed her in a minute ef she stood still long 'nough, an' I could hev got a scald on the right words while she were standin', but somehow or t'other they wouldn't come. I could git 'em all by heart when she wuzent nigh, but I'd disremember 'em agin soon 's I'd sot my eyes on her. I got to sittin' round lookin' ez solemn an' simple ez a licked rooster.

"Miss—Unis Jeems—I like to hev forgot to tell you her name, I'm so used to sayin' it to myself like—were only sixteen year' old; but she were done finished an' put up to stand. She had the same joky, laughin' way with all the fellers, 'cept the purrin' and standin' close like—an' thar wuzn't one uv them but 'ud a liked to hev kep' company with her; but she wouldn't 'llow it. I got kinder crooked an' jealous, an' big head with her, for she wouldn't stan', an' it kep' me busy makin' mis'ry for myself. I lets on to drop her an' take up with Sis Young, thinkin' I'd fetch Unis to a quiet; but Lor' bless you! she only got more skittish, an' I wuz in a bit uv a fix; fer Sis Young were one uv the standin' kind, an' she wouldn't let go her ketch on me. I wuz gettin' wuss an' wuss, fer I wuz gettin' funder off Unis than nigher to her; fool like, I wuz goin' back'ard 'stead uv forrid.

"Sis Young wuz a nice gal an' good lookin', an' didn't go squirmen' about an' puttin' on airs ez some does when your sittin' 'long side uv 'em. I liked her well 'nough, but no tech to Unis; but she thought a power of me. Her an' Unis wuz great frens, thick ez young possums. Whatever I telled Sis she'd tell Unis; an' I made a bigger fool of myself than ever



GRANNY DOANE.



"GIT ON YER HEELS, FOR YER TOES IS AFIRE!"

tellin' Sis things—cunnen like—that I wanted her to tell Unis. Unis she 'gan ter keep company with a nother feller, Arch Emmen by name, an' I felt wuss nor a dog barkin' at the moon.

"One day I jist pintedly couldn't stan' it no longer, nohow. I got my sinses in a bunch an' I agreed to myself this way. Sol, you foot it ez straight ez your legs 'ill carry you to Unis' fayther's cabin, an' face Unis square an' honest like, an' ef she gives you your death blow, take it like a man; you can't feel no wuss. An' I gathered myself up out of the suple heap I wuz in an' off I went, stiff ez ef I'd swallowed the clothes prop. 'Twant over 'bout half a mile to where Unis lived—right yander through the pint on the mountain; thet's the cabin standin' thar yet, the one with the posies hangin' over the fence. I reckon I footed nigh on ten mile afore I got thar, an' my heart was thumpin' like a flax break. I seed Unis a right-smart step from the cabin pickin' dewberries. I mind takin' up my belt a hich an' takin' in wind, an' I walked straight up ahind her; an' I sez, purt ez I could, 'Howdu, Unis?' An' she looked up quick afore she knowed it, I reckon, an' I seed she was cryin'. I'd never seed her cry afore. I fatched my rifle down an' giv it a sling, an' jerked

off my squirl-skin cap to wipe her face with, an' felt jist ez ef I couldn't do 'nothin' an' didn't know how to begin. I wuz simmerin' over everywhar. I heard her say, quiet like, 'Howdu, Sol?' an' then she jumped an' dropped her berries an' run fer the cabin like a streak, all humpety up, an' her apron to her face. I jist stood lookin' arter her, an' it 'peared like I hed been kicked by somethin'. But I minded what I come for, so I straightens up, an' yells loud ez I could arter her, 'I keers for you, Unis, an' I don't keer fur Sis Young!' but the wind was blowin' agin' me. An' inter the cabin she went without stoppin'. I wur so sot on, I left my rifle layin' thar an' started hum.

"Goen 'long, I jined thinken maybe Arch Emmen mought hev treated her bad, an' all the mad that wuz in me biled right up ez I thought over it, an' I wheels right roun' for where I knowed Arch wuz riven out some clap-boards, to tell him, an' lick him. It kep' gettin bigger an' bigger, an' afore I got thar I thought I'd bust; 'an when I got thar there wuz no sign uv him. It were gotten dark, an' I went back fer my rifle, thinken maybe Unis mought be about whar the berries wuz; but the berries wuz lyen roun' scattered an' no Unis wuz thar. I sot down by 'em, an'—an'—

I mind cryen. The wind wuz agin me, an' every-thing.

"That were the June time uv the year. Mother an' the gals had weaved a lot uv hum spun cloth in the winter months, an' all the folks 'round about were comin' to our cabin the next night to full it. I don't reckon you knows what fullen cloth wuz in them days. I knowed Unis 'ud be there long with 'tother uns, an' Sis Young, an' the hull on 'em. That day wuz ez long ez a buryen' sarmen. When early candle-light come, 'long come the folks an' Unis; but she come by herself, an' I seed Arch Emmen comin' 'long arter her, lookin' like he'd been sot on, and black as soft coal. I kinder cheered up at seein' it. Unis looked at me smilin', an' when she hung up her bonnet on a peg, she come purrin' like she used to, an' wuz standin' close up to me at the chimney corner where the water wuz gitten' hot in the big kettle for the fullen. I mind it felt ez good ez goin' to sleep on the sunny side uv a tree—it were so warmen' an' restin'. She wuz lookin' down inter the fire, an' I dunno whether hit were the fire or no, but the leetle ear that wuz on my side, an' the cheek that was nighest me wuz red as sang-berries. She said, low like, so's nobody but me could hear her: 'Sol, I treated you mean yesterday, but I didn't go to do it; I couldn't keep from it. Come over to-morrow an' see my tame coon.' I'd a pintedly gone then an' thar if she'd a had a wild rattler, an' I sez, 'Unis'—I felt mighty big an' strong, an' I wuzen't keeren who heard me. Thinks I now's the time—'I say Unis'—an' she gest give a laugh like the tinklen uv a cow bell away up a holler, an' scooted fer whar the gals wuz standin' lookin' on quiet ez they allus does afore things begins. I turned roun', an' here wuz Archen lookin' at me, an' thar wuzn't no good in his looks. I jest giv it back to him; an' we weren't frens no more.

"The fun 'gan to begin—fer fullen is fun, ef the water hain't too hot an' thar hain't too much divltry in the gals. The women folks hustled about an' piled the hum-spun cloth in the middle uv the cabin on the floor, all loosened up an' hugged inter bundles, an' sot the cheers 'round it in a ring. The boys twisted a rope uv paw-paw bark an' put it clar 'round the cheer backs to keep 'em from slippin' out, an' in a ring like; an' then they handed thar moccasins an' hitched up thar leggins—those ez had 'em on—an' jumped clar over the backs uv the cheers, an' sat down an' jined kickin' the pile, while the gals poured on the hot water that wuz yet in the big kittles, out uv gourds an' wooden dippers, an' anything that 'ud hold water. Sich a kickin' and dancin' you never seed. The gals—fer fun like, er maybe havin' a spite agin a feller they didn't like nary time—'ud drop some bilin' water on their bare shins an' toes, an' then ther'd be a howl, an' a scrimmage, an' upsettin' uv cheers, an' most-like a gal 'ud get kissed. Her har 'ud git mussed, anyway. Then they'd settle agin, an' some arnest feller, that leaned fur over an' stamped hard, 'ud get stuck with a needle on the sly, an' give a sprawl, like a frog goin' into a puddle, right onder the hot pile, an' he'd hev a tarnal time getting out uv that ring uv kickers. An' all 'ud be laughin' an' hollerin' an' the hot water makin' things lively. There's no sich times nowadays, nor cloth neither.

"I wuz kickin' my best, fer Unis kinder settled ahind my cheer. Somehow I knowed every time when her hair wuz on the back uv it; an' when she'd lean over to pour the hot water—keerful clar uv my toes—twur as nice ez carryin' a sack uv ripe apples. 'Twas all I could do ter keep from reachin' up an' ketchin' hold uv

her, but my head rubbed agin her an' I mind the comfort—I mind the comfort it wuz to me.

"Bye-by the fullin' wuz done an' the gals rid' up the cabin, an' the fellus slipped on the foot-gear an' sot down by the light uv the fire to rest a bit an' have a chin-movin'. It were, ez I was tellin' you, in the June month uv the year, an' the cabin door wuz open, an' we heered some singin' comin' frum way up yander where you see the hangin' rock. Hit weren't like nothin' I iver heered afore. Hit mought hev been the love-song uv some varmint, or the singin' uv some bird late a pairin', or the song uv wild fowl movin' northerd. The talkin' stopped uv itself to harken to it. Ole Granny Doane spoke up an' sez: 'Thet's Meetelwa singin' fer her lover ter come. Hit's been many a long year since I heered her. The last time I heered her wuz when Jenny Mooney's lover runned away, an' he come back nex' day an' made it up, an' they wuz jined. She allus sings when any good gal hez a love-trouble an' is worriten about it.'

"I seed Unis' giv a hitch uv her cheer nigher to Granny Doane an' look at her all over arnest, an' sez she: 'What good does her singin' do, granny?'

"'Didn't you ever hear tell on it, Unis?' sez the ole woman. 'Hit's one uv them Ingins' tales. It's older than all the grannies' mothers an' mothers' mothers funder back than I've heered on. She's not singin' fer your worriten, anyhow, for your allus laughin' an' cheery, an' hez the boys thick ez flies at a honey-pot, an' Archen thar, soft ez a hop poke.' An' all laughed 'cept me. I were too mad at the ole woman fer bringin' Arch in. Unis laughed, too, an' sez she: 'I may git to worriten some day, granny; so tell us about it 'afore we jine-to dancin';' an' then she looked over to me an' said: 'Who knows but I'm worriten?' An' all the rest uv 'em siced granny on ter tell uv it.

"She lit her pipe, an' them ez smoked lighted their'n, an' what she said runs somehow this away:

"'Way back yander, long 'nough afore the white people come to Elk, there wuz nothin' but Injins in this hull kentry. Thar wuz one pack uv 'em hed the head waters of Elk; a nuther pack uv 'em hed the head waters uv Ganley River, an' the rivers nigh jines where they start from up yander in the mountains, an' they wuz allus fightin' 'bout the huntin' line on the ridge uv the divide, an' then fightin' cause they fit afore. Them on Elk side, hed a big headman—er chief, ez they called him; an' he hed a growed up dater, Meetelwa by name, an' she were ez purty ez a posie, an' they say, she could dance ez light ez a leaf on the river, an' hed a powerful gift uv singin'. All the young Injin men wanted ter keep company with her, but she wouldn't 'llow it, an' her fayther humored her. She used to climb up the mountain yander to the hangin' rock an' sit an' sing, an' that's the reason the moon allus rises over that rock, an' stays longer thar than any where else to hear her singin'. The head man uv the Ganley Injins wuz young—he'd done somethin' powerful big, I disremember now—an' when his fayther died he were 'pinted chief.

"'They tells how, in spite uv the fightin', he fell in love, an' got soft like on Meetelwa unbeknownst to her kin, an' they used to meet yander on the rock at night time, an' it wuz him ez got the moon to stan' thar to make the night longer.

"'The ole chief, her fayther, 'spicioned somethin' an' watched, an' one night he seed his mortal enemy meet her thar on the rock, an' he raised his bow an' shot him, an' it were his death wound. Meetelwa held him in her arms while he wuz dyin', an' sang his death song



"I GOT HIM AGIN A ROOT. I SMASHED HIS HEAD ONTER IT LIKE I WERE POUNDIN' CORN."

fer him, an' when he wuz gone dead she sung her own death song, an' jumped from the rock down inter the holler below to kill herself.

"The Great Spirit uv the Ingins, ez they names him, hed heered her song hisself, an' knowed what wuz goin' on, an' he pittied her so that he jist changed himself inter a waterfall an' cotched her; an' nex' mornin' they found her a sittin' jist whar the pint uv the mountain comes down inter the medder out thar. The Ingins called the branch Polecat on 'count uv the meanness uv the killin'. An' the falls stays thar yet; fer the Ingins said the Great Spirit left them thar when he changed back to hisself, feerin' she'd jump off the rock agin. Meetelwa used to go upon the rock, an' set an' sing an' sing; an' the Great Spirit uv the Ingins pittied her so, an' she wuz so purty thet one day he come to her an' said, 'Meetelwa, you're too good an' purty to be worriten so 'bout yer lover, an' bein' so lonely like; he's livin' with me an' waitin' fer you.' An' he reached down an' got a han'full uv water uv the falls an' rolled it inter crystal beads, an' put 'em on a string an' put 'em 'round her neck, an' sez he, 'Meetelwa, ez long ez you air true to him an' love him, them beads uv water 'ill stay on the string, an' ef yer come yar on this rock an' sing an' tech the beads an' yer spirit is clar ez the water thar made uv, I'll let him come to yer, an' be with yer an' comfort yer; an' ef yer sing I'll send comfort to them ez yer axes it for, an' when your done with the beads who ever gits 'em kin do the same, ef the'r spirit's white an' clar.' An' then he went hum. An' she sang an' teched the beads uv water, an' her lover wuz standin' by her, an' they wuz ez happy ez folks is now-

adays when they gits sweet on one 'nuther. An' she were true to him an' kep' her soul white an' clean ez the beads till she sang her death song agin. An' they buried her yander in the mound. They say that she's layin' right whar the sarves berry tree is growin', an' thet's the reason its blossoms is white like her spirit, an' its berries is red like her cheek an' the birds come to it so plenty an' sits an' sings.

"Her fayther took on ter'ble, an' long 'fore she went dead he hed repented of his meanness. All the Ingin gals wanted her beads, but her fayther said, 'No, they must be buryed with her an' go 'long with her, fer she'd want 'em to call her lover with when she got to the hum of the Great Spirit.' So they burried them with her, an' the spirit of the ole chief watches 'em. Whomever gits 'em will have a wondrous power. To this day they call's the rock yander Meetelwa's rock; an' thet's her a-singin'. Some one's a worriten.'

"I never seed Unis look so afore ez while ole Granny Doane wuz tellin' the story. She got red an' then white ez a deer's breast, an' she looked at Sis Young an' me, an' then she took a sot look.

"The singin' wuz goin' on, an' hit beat any hymen I ever heered. We all sot lookin' at the fire and feelin' oncomfortable.

"The ole man he weren't afeered uv nothin'. He spoke up an' sez, 'I've heerd it many a time. Hit's the wind soughing through Omeleema's whistle up yander on the ridge. The hull story's past b'leven. Thar never wuz an Injin repented for nothin' he ever done no time. Hit's agin ther natur. I've brought many a one uv 'em down, an' watched 'em die fer the wrong

they done me, an' they fighted to the last kick. They hev no souls 'ceptin' what the devil puts in 'em—buck, squaw, ner chief; hits ag'in' natur. Nob Gunter, twist up the string uv yer ole fiddle an' jine sawin'; hit's better to cure worriten than Meetelwa's whinen. The ole woman an' me kin show the young uns how to shake a leg yit; twist her up, Nob, an' jine sawin'. The ole man were uperds uv eighty then, an' he grabbed the ole woman—mother—an' Nob jined sawin' 'Git on yer heels, for yer toes is afire!' An' the way they danced beat a cat on the coals. Sis Young she were sittin' whar I hed to ax her to be my pardner dancin', an' we jined in, and all jined in, and wuz swingin' corners, an' swingin' the gals 'round the waist, an' all uv a sudden I finded that I hed got clar roun' the cabin an' hadn't swung Unis. I looked roun', an' she wasn't thar, an' Archen wuz jist slippin' out of the door.

"I felt ez ef I hed the agy, an' hit were comin' on ez ef I'd eaten suthen I hadn't oughter. I dropped Sis Young an' wuz goin' to foller him; but I thinked uv the meanness uv it, spyin', an' I shut my eyes an' tuk another ketch on Sis, an' went on dancin'. But I didn't mind what my feet wuz a doin'; I were thinkin' uv Archen an' Unis bein' outside.

"Nob guv a rip uv the fiddle bow ez said ez plain ez I can talk it, 'Pay the fiddler,' an' the boys stepped up an' dropped whatever they chuse to give inter his hat; an' jest then thar wuz an onarthly screech, an' then a nuther, an' it come from the Injin moundway.

"You could hev knocked off the eyes uv the hull uv 'em with a clap-board, they done stuck out so. The hull uv 'em stood ez if they wuz skeered to the stiffness uv a stump, 'cept pap an' me. He grabbed his rifle ez if he were goin' Injin fightin', an' I jumped out inter the blackness, for I knowed it wuz Unis hollerin.

"The screechin' wuz goin' up the holler you see goin' round the pint, an' up atween the rocks, an' doublin' back on the first ridge yander. I stopped a bit an' listened like I war listenin' for the drappin' uv squirl chawens on the leaves, an' I heered the runnin' uv a man on the stones of the branch ahead uv me, an' my blood biled, for I knowed it was Archen arter Unis, an' I went, not keeren for nothin' or stoppin' for nothin'. I took the mountain for it to head him off, an' get atween him an' Unis. The briars cut me, the vines hangin' down tripped me up, I fell over rocks an' logs, for I couldn't see nothin'—the thorns snagged me. It were a runnin', my fren, wuss than if Death were arter me, an' I thought I could outwind him. I wuz used to the mountains day and night time; I feeled the trees fer the moss ez I run agin' 'em, an' minded the slopes uv the vines from the west wind ez they cotched me, an' the way the dead trees layed ez I tumbled over 'em an' I telled the way that away. I got down to the holler, jist at the big rock you sees lyin' to the side uv the mountain, an' I listened—I listened, till I cursed the 'skeeters bizzzen 'bout me; for I couldn't listen hard 'nough. Ther' weren't a sound. Hit war ez still as the forest at noon. I mind cussin' a she fox thet I skeered fer hollerin' at her cubs, an' a frog that jumped inter the water, for makin' a splash. I stood thar with the side uv me thet wuz down the holler drawed up tight an' knotty, an' listenin' agin Archen that way that-away, an' the side uv me thet wuz up the holler where Unis wuz, a kinder drawin' her to me an' pertectin' her an' listenin'.

"I knowed I wuz ahead of Arch an' ahind her. I wuz pullin' both ways. I wanted ter go an' fight him an' go an' find her, er wait till he come an' hev the death struggle all to ourselves. I hated to move down

the holler to meet him, fearin' she might holler agin, an' I hated ter move forrid cause it might be longer till I cotched holt uv him. I wuz in sich a mixtery of feelins, an' the dark was so thick I couldn't see him afar off. I stood and swore at a little star fer the mean light it give. I couldn't stan' it. I stood and yelled down the holler fer him to come on—to come on like a man, an' not sneakin' like a weazel. To come with his rattles goin' like a rattlesnake; not lyin' to strike, like a cussed copperhead. I yelled at him all the vileness I iver heered an' could fotch in a hurry, but there weren't a sound uv him. I stood thar, all the feelins in me goin' like mad bees in a gum, an' sometimes feelin' like the feelin' uv stayin' too long under the water, when I thought uv Unis out alone in the night, an' quivrin' like a holed squirl; but I didn't move no more nor a stag with his head down an' sot agin the dogs, for I thought I was atween him an' her. My fren, when it comes to my dyin' I won't feel wuss nor I did then. I hope the Fayther 'ill pity me, an' haul my wind sudden if I do.

"Spite uv all my listenin' an' strainin', pap spoke right in my ear a'most: 'Come 'long home, Sol. I didn't know it was thataway atween you an' Unis. Ef Archen hez done Unis a harm he's not safe this side uv hell an' me on his trail. He hain't atween here an' the holler—nor Unis neither. I trailed him by the wet on the stones till he took to the mountains. I wasn't on the trail. I seed him go out arter her, an' I heered him runnin'.

"Don't make so much fuss nary time when your trailin', Sol. No matter how mad you gits, wait till you gits hold uv 'em—unless ther's more uv 'em; if ther is, keep plugged up. We'll go hum an' git lights, an' git all the startin' sign, an' break on the trail agin, soon's it's mornin'. Thet head uv your'n needs scalpin' a turn er two, an' yer ears picken, afore you'll make an Injin hunter. I could hev put you into etarnity a dozen times to-night if I'd been Archen.' An' sure 'nough he could; for I didn't hear him comin' on me no more nor a flea jumpin'.

"I telled him no, I wouldn't go hum. I'd go on up the holler to the falls an' maybe I'd find Unis. Ef I didn't I'd wait 'bout thar till mornin' an' make a circle on the mountains till I struck her trail; fer I couldn't stop nohow, doin' nothin'. I seed I'd jin him and the neighbors, an' fer them to fire their rifles ef they found any sign and got on the scent. The ole man agreed with me; but he seed I wuz sot, an' sez he, 'Sol, take my rifle; maybe you'll want it.' 'No,' sez I; 'ef wrong hez come to Unis, I wan' my han's fer it on Archen; ef I hed the rifle I moughtent hev time to tell him all I has to. I'll take my han's fer it, ef Archen hez a rifle. Mine's in my belt.' An' the ole man jist said: 'Fight him fair, Sol; thet's right, fight him fair;' an' he started hum.

"I hain't a goin' to string it out. I never heered no cheerup uv a bird ez purty ez the fust cheerup tellin' me the mornin' wuz comin'. Ez soon ez I could see, I clum the rocks an' got on the side uv the mountain an' 'gan circlin'. Hit waant long afore I struck Archen's trail. The fust thing I seed wuz blood on a leaf. I took hold uv it ter see how long it had been dryin', an' I seed my han' an' shirt. I wuz blood myself from head to foot, frum fallin' an' snaggin'. He were not fur off. I went down on that trail like a sheep-dog—quiet an' fer kilin'. Ef ther' wuz anything but devil in me then, it were skeerce. He were goin' fast, an' I soon diskivered he were circlin'. I thought his idea wuz to git 'round back uv them he knowed 'ud be fol-

lerin' him. I studied a bit, an' I took a cut off uv the ring he wuz makin'.

"I heered a noise—trampin' like—an' I gethered myself up fer him; but 'twas only an elk. The woods wuz full of 'em in them days, and they guv the name to this river. Arter a bit I swung down a rock by a saplin'

"Archen, Archen, I say, you rabbit-stringer, you woman-killer, you sneak uv a fox in the night, what hev you done with Unis? Whar is she? Whar is Unis? Whar is she, afore I ring your hangin' neck like a partridge?" An' I yelled at him, an' cussed him, an' yelled agin, 'Whar is Unis?' By-me-by he come to,



"I TRAMPED THE MOUNTAINS."

grewed to it, an' thar right afore me I seed him list-inin' fer what was comin'. He were kivered with blood, an' I thought it were that of Unis. I come nigh givin' way in the knees, an' all over, when I got sight uv thet blood; an' then somethin' got inter me like a panther. I jist made one jump an' I lit on him with my claws spread ready fer chokin'. He wur big ez me; an' I'd cotched him so sudden he couldn't say nothin, nor holler, nor nothin'. We rolled clar down to the foot uv the bank; but I wur fast on his throat. I seed his tongue roll an' his eyes come out uv his head, an' the jerkin' grips wuz ter'ble. I got him agin a root; I smashed his head ontar it like I wur poundin' corn, till I seed he hed enough; fer I hed some talkin' to do afore I killed him. I loosened on him.

an' I seed a look on his face that weren't mad, nor skeered, nor that uv a coward. The kind uv look you sees on a wounded doe when yer gittin' ready for the finishin' tich that makes the feelin' come ter let it go on livin', an' somethin' thet loosened my fingers a notch an' fetched wonder. We'd been ole frens—Archen an' me. Maybe it were the scrimmage that took some uv the wildness out of me; maybe it were sayin' the name uv Unis; but something tarnel strange held my han'.

"He kinder guggled out, 'I'm hunting her myself. Sol—I'm huntin' her the hull night myself.' An' he jist jined cryin'.

"Ef he'd spoke other words I'd a killed him, an' hissed the name uv Unis in his ear while he was a dyin'. But him' a-huntin' her, an' cryin' 'stead of

fightin, hit took all the varmint out uv me; an' I raised him up, an' I said: 'Arch, is you lyin' to me?' An' he come right to, an' sez he: 'Sol, ef yer' spicions me uv a lie, let me stan' up an' we'll knife it out. I hain't lyin'; I'm huntin' Unis.

"I seed the blood on him agin, an' I thought he wuz lyin'. Sez I, 'Whar did you git the blood?' An' sez he, 'Whar did you git yer own? You're kivered with it. From the briars an' snags an' fullin, huntin' her all night—that's whar I got it. Does you think I'd harm Unis, Sol? Me, Sol? She give me the sack yesterday—the sack, Sol. She said she didn't keer for me, an' it nigh—it nigh holed me, an' give me hard feelin's 'bout you. But Unis! Sol, the hull night I've been a callin' her, an' huntin' her. I hain't no hard feelin's agin her. It were my fault. I skeered her unbeknownst at the Ingin mound; for I wanted to ax her if she wouldn't take back what she said, an' give me a chance, an' another spell uv sparkin', to try. She seed me comin' ahind her in the dark, an' give a screech an' lit out. Sol, I have no hard feelin's for this. I'm tellin' you God's truth. Let's hunt her, an' ef yer find I've done her any harm, Sol, I'll give you my knife ter kill me for the skunk I'd be.' My fren, I b'lieved him, an' I put my arm 'round him an' held him up agin me, fer I'd treated him oncommon rough. An' then we sot thar not sayin' a word, an' we wuz both calfy.

"Come on, Arch," I sez, arter a bit; "we'll wash up in the Branch; fer we'd skeer Unis when we find her, lookin' so dirty an' blood kivered." An' we washed up, an' started agin, huntin' in pairs like, but we found no sign.

"We heered the folks hollerin, ez they wuz huntin', an' we jined 'em, an' Archen telled 'em squar all he knowed, and thar wuz a sartainty 'bout what he said that wuz ez sartain ez a growl an' a hug pints that hits a bar.

"While he wuz a tellin' it, I seed the ole man wuz narved for a knock down an' a trampen ez sure ez Archen lied ever so leetle a lie, an' I said to him quiet like, 'Father, don't. I nigh killed him for huntin' her, and used him oncommon rough.'

"The ole man looked at me, and sez he: 'Ef you ez so Sol, that hit's the truth, an' nothin' but the truth. Hit's all right. What's atween you an' Unis gives you more scent fer lyin' than I hev. I'm off the trail.' An' he let himself loose agin from his narven an' dropped ez ef he wuz tired.

"We all hunted that hull day, an' the rest of 'em took turns huntin' an' sleepin' 'cept Arch an' me. We

didn't sleep none—we kep' on a huntin', but we didn't find ez much sign ez a bird leaves in flyin'.

"In a week or therabouts they give her up, an' black looks wuz on Arch from all uv 'em an' 'spicions. We kep' on huntin' together, an' livin' on roots an' berries an' what we picked up. One day right smart, while 'long, Arch said to me: 'Sol thar's nothin' but black looks an' hard feelin's for me yer. Unis is gone. We can't find her nowhere, nor no sign nohow. I'm goin' to the Valley of Kanoy (Kanawha); ef yer hev any spicions or hard feelin's agin me, let's fight it out yer. Ef you haint none, give me yer han'.' An' I socked my han' in his'n jest as hard as I could lick, and sez I, 'Arch, I'll keep on huntin' till I finds her livin' er—er—I'll watch the buzzards an' go lay down 'long side uv her. I hev no spicions, Arch, agin yer. Ef I hez to get 'em I'll find yer. Ef she's livin', and I finds her, I'll find yer an' clar yer, an' giv' yer a 'nuther chance, man an' man, square fer Unis.' We shook han's agin, an' he duv inter the bush Kanoy way. My fren, that wuz a partin' that onsettled my feelin's powerful. I reckon I must hev ketched a bit uv a cold, an' I hain't good at tellin' 'bout it nohow. I b'lieve I'll smoke a bit."

The old man handed his pipe to be refilled. The blue smoke went out from his lips in short, quick puffs of relief, connected in some deeper way than smoke often is with watery eyes.

He was still standing—he seldom sat down—but now he leaned against a tree as if weariness overcame him.

His voice was deeper and lower when he resumed:

"Them wuz the lonesomest days—Unis gone, Archen gone, an' me gone clar out uv myself. Ef I'd knowed she wuz dead, I could hev gone home and done somethin', made fence, or jined hoin' corn; but I tramped the mountains till the doe wuzn't afraid uv me, an' the hootin' owls looked at me without flyin'.

"Fayther seemed to know jist whar to find me, an' 'ud fetch me passels uv grub, that wuz mother's doin' up. Unis' people wuz nigh onter crazed. The hull on 'em 'ud come trampin' arter fayther to see ef I'd found any sign; an' some chance times, I'd come 'cross her mother huntin' me—huntin' somethin' comfortin'. Unis' back gear on that night wuz mostly buckskin, an' didn't snag or pull off. I couldn't find ez much ez a bit uv a red tassel I minded hangin' to her waist, nor a bead frum her moccasins. I hunted the Yew Pine mountains whar Elk rises, an' over t'other side on the Ganley. There wuz no livin' soul in that hull kintry."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TOO TRUE FOR FICTION.

THESE stories, published anonymously under the above general title, are by the following authors:

CHARLES BARNARD,	HELEN HUNT JACKSON (H. H.),	LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
ROSE TERRY COOKE,	EDWARD EVERETT HALE,	HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
EDGAR FAWCETT,	JOHN HABBERTON,	NATHAN C. KOUNS,
(Author of "An Ambitious Woman.")	(Author of "Helen's Babies.")	(Author of "Arius the Libyan.")
ROSSITER W. RAYMOND,	PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON,	SARA ORFE JEWETT,
ANNA K. GREENE,	E. P. ROE,	A. W. TOURGÉE.
(Author of "The Leavenworth Case.")		

In addition to these, other equally well-known writers have promised to contribute, and all have cordially expressed their pleasure in doing their best to add to the interest with which this latest form of literary conundrum must be regarded.

In order to stimulate interest in the question, we open our columns for the publication of guesses as to the authorship of different stories during one month after the date of the publication of each, and offer prizes as follows to successful competitors:

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY: We will divide ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS equally among those of our subscribers who shall succeed in naming the authors of all the stories in this series, subject to the following conditions, to wit:

- 1.—Each person desiring to compete for this premium must forward with the first guess, one year's subscription, either his own or another's, at our regular price, \$4.
- 2.—Upon the receipt of such subscription the person sending it will be notified that his name has been entered on the list of Competitors for the *Thousand Dollar Prize*.
- 3.—In order to prevent possible fraud, the publishers of THE CONTINENT reserve the right to deny the privilege of competition to any person at any time.
- 4.—Competitors for this prize should mark all communications distinctly, "Prize Competition."

For other rules see below.

TO ALL PERSONS, whether subscribers or not, the following offers are made:

- 1.—To any one who shall correctly guess the authorship of *ten* of the stories, we will send, post-paid, any one of Judge Tourgée's Novels, or any single volume of the "Our Continent Library."
- 2.—To any one who shall correctly guess the authorship of *twenty* of the tales in the series, we will send THE CONTINENT free for the year 1885.
- 3.—To every one who shall rightly guess the authorship of *all* the stories of the series, we will send THE CONTINENT for two years, beginning January 1st, 1885.

The conditions necessary to entitle one to enter this competition are:

- 1.—The name and address of the person desiring to compete shall be given with the first guess as to authorship.
- 2.—Each guess must be received within one month from the date of the number in which the story is published.
- 3.—All guesses must be sent on postal cards, for convenience in filing and assorting.

III.

A MATTER OF FACT FELLOW.

JOSHUA HARDWAY, when first I met him, was regarded by all the inhabitants of a large Southern town as a man to be suspected. He paid cash for whatever he bought, never got drunk, and went to church every Sunday, but all these things increased the suspicions of the natives. For Hardway had come there suddenly with a large stock of dry goods which he said were damaged, and which consequently he sold at very low prices, but the damage was in many cases so slight that purchasers could not see it until Hardway pointed it out, which he always seemed anxious to do, so the impression was current that if the goods had not been bought on credit, never to be paid for, they certainly had been stolen.

As I was traveling-partner in a firm that dealt exclusively in knit goods, I had sufficient excuse to remain in Hardway's store an hour or two and study the proprietor in the light of the hotel gossip which I had heard. The result was that I determined that local opinion was entirely wrong, and my conviction was strengthened when in the evening, after all the village stores had closed, Hardway visited me in my room, and making the excuse that he seldom had a chance to talk with a man from his own section of the country—for he was born in a Connecticut town near which our knitting-mills stand—he chatted and "drew me out" on a great many subjects which business men seldom find time to talk about. I found him intensely patriotic and an enthusiastic advocate of the theory that the United States was the nation most loved and favored by Providence. He talked about free schools,

homestead bills, systems of ventilation, and prayer-meeting methods, and I suspect he found me quite rusty about most of these topics, for in the end he questioned me closely about my spiritual condition, and intimated that to believe as he did, which was possible only by joining the church to which he belonged, was to take an abiding interest in all things that tended to the good of man and the glory of heaven.

Half a year later I unexpectedly met him in a rum-cursed Western town, and he told me he was laboring in the temperance cause. When I asked him if the business paid as well as that of damaged goods he seemed surprised and hurt, and told me the only remuneration he expected was that of a satisfied conscience and the reformation of drunkards. He believed that, according to his Bible, all men were his brothers and he was his brothers' keeper; he would therefore continue to fight rum as long as his money lasted, and then he would go to work again to earn more money for his own support. I tried to persuade him that his first duty was to himself, but his application of all his beliefs and theories was so literal that I was obliged to abandon my effort.

During several years I met him frequently, always in the most unexpected places, and with occupations and ways that seemed utterly unbusinesslike, yet always working hard, telling the truth, and taking the most literal views possible of every theory he had accepted and every fact with which he came in contact. His head was always in the clouds, but there was nothing cloudy about his perceptions; like most other people

he believed in the immortality of the soul; unlike most other people, however, he put his belief into practice by speaking of many of the great departed as if they were alive and interested in the affairs of the world, and one day he violently startled me from a reverie by asking me whether I supposed the Apostle Paul and Abraham Lincoln were in sympathy with the present administration on the question of national aid to the common school system of the South.

Not long afterward the head of our firm devised some extra thick underwear for men, and thought the same peculiarly suited to the needs of miners and other people whose occupation compelled them to wear clothing which should be at the same time warm and pliable. I was, therefore, sent on a drumming tour through the coal-mine towns of Pennsylvania, where I did very well, and then to the mining districts of the Rocky Mountain territories. In a small town that had gathered about a silver mine I suddenly came upon Hardway, but the circumstances were not favorable to conversation, whether confidential or otherwise, for he was walking in the middle of the street with a grim-faced man each side of him, and a long procession of similar fellows behind, and when I hurried out from the sidewalk and offered my hand each of his guardians presented a revolver, and both of them told me to stand back.

I followed the procession until it halted in front of a low, ugly stone building, and left Hardway within the door and under lock and key. A little inquiry brought out the fact that the building was a jail, and that Hardway had been incarcerated on suspicion of having committed a murder, for he had been found kneeling beside a dead man, whose body was still warm, and by whose side lay a revolver from which one charge had been fired.

"Confess?" echoed one of the escort, in reply to my inquiries. "Not much, he didn't. He sed he'd seed the feller a-layin' thar, an' jist a gaspin', so he'd stopped to ask him who done it, an' as the body was gettin' to be a corpse very fast he'd knelt down an' prayed fur his soul, ez, he thought enny Christian orter. Uv course that wuz all stuff; yer don't s'pose I'd think uv praying fur a chap that wuz too fur gone to be good for ennythin', do you?"

A look at my interlocutor's face compelled me to say, "No, indeed."

"There's too much killin' goin' on in these climes," continued the miner. "Nobody knows whose turn 'ill come next; an' as take care of number one is the fust law uv life, we're going to stop it ef we hang ev'ry man in the settlement."

As it was impossible for me to believe that Hardway could have killed any one, I determined to see him at once and get his own story of the affair. My task was not easy, but fortunately the keeper of one of the stores I had already visited with my samples had seen me in the East, and assured the local constable that I was a business man, and not at all likely to be a "pall" of the accused. On his testimony to this effect I was allowed to visit Hardway. I found him leaning against the wall of the single cell of which the stone lockup consisted. He was looking toward the one window, too small to need bars, from which the light came, and he was softly whistling a lugubrious air which I had heard at prayer-meetings in my youthful days. He did not recognize me at first, but when I removed my hat, and he saw my face, he sprang at me, grasped both of my hands, and said:

"My dear Barnes, I'm ever so glad to see you. Have you become a Methodist yet?"

"No," said I; "but you've had worse luck than I supposed could be in store for you."

"It's the Lord's own affair," said he; "I'm entirely in His hands."

"Hardway," said I, "drop religion for a moment, and talk sense. You've been arrested for murder; in this country, trials and something worse sometimes come very quickly after arrests. I want to keep you out of trouble, and I only ask you to help me with your word. You didn't kill that man did you?"

"Certainly not. I found him dying and stopped to pray for him. Between you and me, Barnes, though I don't want to speak ill of any man, I really think from his looks, that he could have stood a good deal of praying without feeling uncomfortable."

"Then I'll get a lawyer," said I, "to defend you. But what brought you to this country? Did you come with a stock of damaged goods?"

"I came to look out for damaged goods," said he, with the same quality of earnestness that Dr. Breed, once my teacher in school, always manifested with his voice when he wanted to emphasize a rule of arithmetic or grammar. "I heard that a high-toned church was going to send a theological student out here to preach to the miners. Now what's the good—I put it to you, a common-sense man, Barnes—what's the good of talking theology to these ruffians? What they need is to be told that they are a hell-deserving lot of sinners, and that if they don't stop gambling, swearing and getting drunk they're eternally lost. That's what I said to myself when I heard what was going on, so I stopped what I was doing, although I was selling Brown's geography of Palestine to Bible classes in central New York. Say, Barnes—I don't think Palestine was much like the west, do you? Salt Lake isn't so different from the Dead Sea, but—"

"For heaven's sake, Hardway," said I, "let Palestine go to Jerico, and talk about yourself. These ruffians may lynch you before morning. Have you any word to send to your friends, in case of accident?"

"If they do," said Hardway, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking out of the window again, "I'll find most of my friends when I get out of this wicked world. It's a glorious company, Barnes—apostles, prophets, martyrs—"

"Hardway," said I, "keep the rest till I get back. I'm going to find a lawyer for you."

My inquiries for a lawyer were not successful. The storekeeper to whom I applied for advice said he knew of no such person within a hundred miles, and the keeper of the hotel (so-called) at which I had stopped said the only lawyer he had ever known in the settlement had been driven away for cheating at cards. When he learned, however, that I knew the prisoner and believed him innocent, he introduced me to the constable, and that official was so impressed by my assertions and reasoning that he promised to persuade the crowd to let the law take its course instead of taking the law into their own hands. He also wrote a note (to be delivered at my expense) to a judge about twenty miles away, suggesting an immediate trial.

The letter was so effective that the judge arrived within twenty-four hours and opened court at my hotel. The proceedings were simple in the extreme; a jury was impaneled, Hardway was arraigned, and pleaded not guilty in tones and with a manner that seemed to me absolutely indicative of innocence. All the evidence was taken by the judge and jury, there being no public prosecutor. The judge was a good-natured man, and gave Hardway every possible opportunity to defend

himself, but about all the thick-headed fellow did was to exclaim:

"Judge, I didn't do it; all I know is that I found him there dying."

Had the deceased been a stranger, or a mere hanger-on of the settlement, the jury would probably have acquitted Hardway, but, unfortunately for the prisoner, the dead man had been well known and quite popular; he was said to have always been of saving habits, and as when found dead his pockets were empty while those of Hardway contained a great deal of money, that he said the Lord had put into his hands for the Lord's own work, the weight of circumstantial evidence compelled a verdict of "guilty," whereupon the judge promptly passed sentence of death, to be executed one week after the day of trial.

Hardway seemed very much surprised by the verdict and the sentence; he preserved profound silence while being removed to the jail, but when under lock and key, and I with him, this courtesy being granted by request of my customer, the storekeeper, he looked me squarely in the eye and said:

"It's hard, Barnes; I didn't expect anything of this kind when I came West, but it seems to be the Lord's will, so I suppose it's all right."

"You idiot," said I angrily, "why didn't you say something for yourself? All those jurymen supposed you were shamming innocence. I would have thought so myself if I hadn't known you elsewhere and learned that your straightforward manner is genuine."

"I obeyed the inspired injunction, Barnes," said he. "I took no thought of what I should say, and I said all that was given to me, although I'm free to admit, meaning no disrespect, that it wasn't very much."

"'Twas enough to hang you," said I. "How do you like the prospect?"

"Well," said Hardway, "better men have suffered crueler deaths for crimes they never committed, so I haven't any right to complain. I can't help feeling that I might do some good in the world if I could go on living, but all that is the Lord's business, and He will manage it to suit Himself."

"He won't manage yours, unless you cease being a lunatic, and take some interest in your own affairs. Do you really intend to sit here, hold your tongue for a week, and then be hanged, or perhaps be lynched in advance, if the miners happen to want some fun?"

"No, I shan't hold my tongue, for I'll have a prayer and praise-meeting every day all by myself; 'twill help me to improve my privileges after I leave this vale of tears."

"But 'twon't help you to leave this jail a free man," said I.

"How do you know that?" asked Hardway, with his usual matter-of-fact manner. "Didn't the prison doors fly open while Paul and Silas were singing and praying? When Peter was praying in jail didn't an angel come and take him out? By-the-way, Barnes, how do you suppose that angel looked? I've always argued that he dressed just like a native."

I declined to answer the question, although I volunteered the opinion that no modern angel had been known to help any fool who refused to help himself. The arrival of the constable with some food for the prisoner enabled me to emerge, go to my hotel and think, without danger of being disturbed by Hardway's exasperating remarks. After a long night in which I did not sleep a wink, I resolved to go to the territorial capital, two days distant by stage, and lay Hardway's case before the governor. My errand was fruitless, for the governor was temporarily absent from the territory;

so with a heavy heart I returned, my only consolation being that the miners had not yet thought it necessary to lynch my unfortunate acquaintance.

During the two days that remained I was more unhappy than I had ever before been in the course of my life, but Hardway's serenity of soul was not disturbed in the least. The only perceptible change in his manner was that he became more vivacious than usual, talking almost incessantly, his conversation being about the next world, of which his conception was wholly literal. He talked of his anticipated new abode in as matter-of-fact a manner as if it were merely a new house which he had bought and into which he intended to move at once, and in which he expected to meet many old friends and form some new acquaintances.

"I'll have a good long talk with Adam about the fall," said he. "You believe Adam was finally saved, don't you, Barnes?"

I admitted that I did.

"Then of course he won't have any objection to telling the whole truth. And there's Solomon—I'm very curious to know how he could have made such a fool of himself after having had all wisdom and been a prime favorite of the Lord. And I want to know what became of the ten tribes—I guess I'll ask Moses about them. My mind isn't entirely clear as to the best way of conducting foreign missions, but it will be after I've compared notes with Peter and Paul and some of the later workers; I suppose I may even get some points from Mohammed—if he's there. Buddha's views, too, can't help be interesting, for he seems to have done his best with the light he had. Tell you what, Barnes, I wish I was among them all this blessed minute."

What could be done with such a fellow? I begged him to think less of the next world and more of this; I charged him indignantly with lack for respect of his name and reputation; I urged that there was unlimited work to be done by men of his character and ability, and that to forget all this, in wild imaginings of future bliss, was simply selfish and heartless. But he replied that he was in the Lord's hands; he would not have given up thoughts of earthly life and duty had he not been made powerless to change his condition.

It was Saturday afternoon; Hardway was to be hanged on Monday, unless something unforeseen prevented. That the unforeseen is not always the unsuspected, however, I learned that evening, for my friend, the storekeeper, remarked to me at supper, speaking in low tones, although we had a table at which no one else sat:

"Look here, Mr. Barnes, do you know that Sunday's coming?"

I replied to the effect that I had not lost the run of the days of the week.

"What I mean is," said he, "everybody will be idle to-morrow, except bartenders. Amusements are scarce out here, but whisky is plenty and bad; the crowd'll be pretty full by the middle of the afternoon, and then they may take a notion to lynch your friend so's not to have to stop work next day to see the hanging. There's no knowing what men'll do when they're full of miner's rum."

"The murderous cowards!" I growled.

"You've sized them up exactly, that is, supposing them drunk. Now, I don't make any proposition to you, but as your firm has always treated me square, and as the prisoner is your friend, I'll just venture to remark that if by any luck—bribing the constable, filing the locks, or anything else—you can get your friend out of that cell to-night, and show him the way to my

barn, you'll find my horse ready saddled and bridled. He's a good one—he can carry double and walk mighty fast with 'em. But you'll both have to go; if he gets off and you stay they'll suspect you, sure, in which case there might be a hanging anyhow. Of course I'll have to say you stole the horse, so you may see your name in the papers in the course of time."

I thanked the storekeeper for the suggestion, but I had little faith in my ability to get Hardway out. My business friend, however, seemed to think his suggestion had made everything sure for a jail delivery, so he went on to say he should expect that Hardway and I would quietly see to it that he was in time paid for his horse, which he valued at three hundred dollars. If I didn't mind he would charge the amount to my firm, and take it out in trade.

I thanked the storekeeper, and as our simple repast had been consumed some moments before, I strolled out and about the town. The storekeeper's hint about jail delivery still seemed impracticable, for the lockup was not a hundred yards away from the street in which all the shops and bars were, and as there were many vacant lots, it seemed to me that by the starlight any one who stood at the door could be seen by any one in the throng that was steadily passing through the street. The hint about a possible lynching, however, did not seem at all out of the realm of possibility, for the miners, their working week having ended, were already crowding the bars, and talking about the expected entertainment on Monday; I even heard two men asking what would be the harm of having what they denominated the show on Sunday.

I walked away from the business portion of the street, whether to think or pray, or swear, I have never been able to determine, for I was much inclined to all three of these apparently unrelated operations. As I walked it seemed to me that I was being followed, for I heard footsteps behind me of some one who seemed to be regulating his pace by mine. The fate of Hardway's supposed victim flashed across my mind; I was unarmed, what should I do if the man behind me had designs on my pocketbook? I turned quickly, snatching out and opening my pocket-knife as I did so; in a second I found myself face to face with the constable.

"Here!—drop that!" he growled. "Don't you know me? I don't want anythin' of you but a minute or two of chin. You don't believe your friend's guilty, do you?"

"Certainly not."

"Neither do I, but he's in for a stretch if he don't get out of that hole mighty quick. Now, what's to prevent him gittin' away if you knock me down, take the keys out of my coat pocket, an' let him out? I'll lay here ez long ez I can stand the cold; by that time he can git fur enough away not to be ketched, fur it's goin' to be a dark night. What d'ye say? They'll think that's where you slugged me."

"Officer," said I, putting my hand on his shoulder, when down he fell, whispering:

"Right hand pocket!"

I lost no time in acting on his suggestion.

"Better be quick," he continued. "Somebody might find me an' give the alarm."

I hurried to the jail over the darkest route I could find. I unlocked the door softly, drew it wide open, stood behind it, and said, disguising my voice as much as possible:

"The Angel of the Lord!"

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Hardway. I had expected that he would dash out and away, but I had not taken Yankee curiosity into account. He came

slowly out, looked about, saw my figure, peering into my face, ejaculated "Pshaw!" re-entered the jail, and leaned against the door-casing. I quickly followed him and was greeted with:

"You're no angel, Barnes. Why, you're not even a Methodist. I don't believe you've even been converted."

"Come out!" I exclaimed, seizing Hardway's arm.

"Barnes," said the prisoner, "the law has put me here and only the law shall take me out, unless the author of all law sees fit to release me."

I was too excited to have any patience with such talk, so instead of arguing any longer I attempted to drag Hardway out and away, but the fellow resisted with all his strength. For a moment we tugged stoutly in different directions, then Hardway disengaged himself and said:

"Barnes, you're a big-hearted fellow, and I appreciate your friendly feelings, but if you persist I shall consider it my duty, as a good citizen and a Christian, to knock you down, halloo for help, and hold you till the officer comes."

"Then stay and be lynched!" I exclaimed; I am afraid I used language a little stronger as I went out, shut the door, locked it, pocketed the keys, and went back to the constable, whom I found just where I had left him. He was groaning terribly, but when he recognized me and heard my report he got up, pocketed his keys and his hands, and exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be—why, there's nothing to be done for such a fellow but to hang him. He's too crazy to be safe, if he's allowed to be at large."

The lynching I had feared did not occur, for the gallows that began to rise Sunday morning was enough of a sensation to satisfy the multitude, and it was generally admitted that it would be unfair to the builders to deprive them of the appointed result of their labors. Besides, everybody wanted what they called "a square look" at the prisoner—a desire which the public-spirited constable gratified by leaving the door wide open all day Sunday, although he stood guard pistol in hand. A great deal of pleasure, too, was evidently experienced in the preparations that were made for properly honoring the first execution in that town of the law's extreme penalty. It was arranged by the crowd, and with the constable's approval, that the prisoner, before being hanged, should be escorted through the town by a procession headed by a fife and drum playing dead marches.

Hardway gradually became a hero in the eyes of the crowd, for it was evident that he would die game, so he was consulted about all the details, and his suggestions were followed as far as practicable. Everybody seemed to want to do him some personal favor. Liquor was sent to the lockup by every barkeeper in the town; my friend the storekeeper insisted on presenting a white shirt and black satin tie, and the proprietor of a highly popular gambling hell offered to close his establishment on Sunday night, the best business night of the week, and, with two other noted players, to sit up and give the prisoner a full night of any game he liked. If sympathy waned somewhat when all these courtesies were declined, curiosity increased in more than even ratio.

From what I afterward learned I am satisfied that in the whole town Hardway was the only man who lost no rest that Sunday night. He declined with thanks the services of all persons who offered to sit up with him, making the exception, however, that if any one cared to come and pray with him or be prayed for he would be delighted. Somehow nobody responded to

this invitation, and Hardway told me in confidence that it did seem mysterious that Providence should remove a laborer from a field where the harvest so sorely needed gathering. He allowed me to remain in the cell through the night, but I was not of the slightest service to him, for about ten o'clock he remarked that his customary bedtime had come; then he wound his watch, knelt for several minutes beside his rude bunk, arose, said good-night, lay down, went to sleep and did not open his eyes again until six o'clock in the morning.

How I envied him his peace of mind! To sit by a man soon to be hurled into eternity—a man whose innocence I did not for a moment doubt, seemed like being in the very court of death—death as the heathen imagined it, without pity and without hope. Had that dismal cell contained all the fates and furies that mythology has assigned to death's train, they could not have terrified and depressed me more than did the visitors who straggled to the doors through the night to look at the prisoner. The constable's desire to oblige the men who had elected him was unflagging; he maintained his vigil and an open door all night, and whenever I woke from a chance nap of a moment or two I was startled almost to screaming by the apparitions that stood before me. I suppose the miners were no worse than men in general, but to my mind, excited and exhausted far more than was good for it, they looked and acted like so many fiends. Now that I can calmly reason about it, I know their rough clothing, their unshaven faces, and their shockingly dilapidated hats made them appear remarkably uncouth, and that all their peculiar types of face and figure were intensified by the dimness of the only light in the cell. But their manner certainly was unearthly; probably rum made it so. Some came howling to the door, demanding that the prisoner be shown them; these glared frightfully at the sleeping figure, discussed in detail his probable sufferings on the morrow, and seemed unable to endure the short delay. Equally horrible, however, were the creatures who came quietly and stared impassively without saying a word—a lot of mere cinders and slag of humanity.

At last dawn came, but peace did not come with it. As I strolled away from the lockup at sunrise, Hardway being still asleep, I saw many small groups of men standing in doorways and on the sidewalk, and I learned that the constable had been prevailed upon, by the almost unanimous request of the citizens, to promise that the hanging should take place early in the day. He had the power to do this, for the sentence, according to its terms, was to be executed between dawn and noon. The crowd appeared neater than usual; nobody had thought to in any way improve his personal appearance on Sunday, but the prospect of seeing a man hanged caused many men to comb their hair and beards, some to button their coats, and a few—a very few—to scrape or wash the dirt off of their boots. Nearly every man who did not own a pistol—and there were many such—tried to buy, for those who had firearms of any kind were to have the head of the procession.

Nearly every group I passed stopped me and questioned me. All were as polite as they knew how to be, for I, being known as the prisoner's only personal friend, was regarded as about as important a personage as the constable. All wanted to know whether Hardway would leave any confession, and whether his grit would see him through.

They evidently contemplated the coming tragedy from the standpoint of a cock-fight or the dog-pit, and

any indignant protests against the hanging of an innocent man did not have the least effect upon any one.

I was horrified beyond endurance by the heavy brutality that seemed natural to everybody, and as the constable signaled me from the lockup door that Hardway was awake, I hastily left the street and rejoined my unfortunate acquaintance.

He appeared as cheerful as if nothing unusual were on his mind, and said:

"It's my last day of bother, Barnes. The next time I wake up I'll be rid of doubts and fears to all eternity. Don't you envy me?"

As the fellow spoke his face was so radiant that I was obliged to answer:

"Yes, I do."

It was too late for blame, exhortation, reason, or anything else to do him any good, so, although I felt like unloading my mind on him, I controlled myself. It really seemed that it would be a pity for him not to die, he seemed so entirely ready and eager to leave the world. The constable was entirely overawed by the fellow's manner, and he took me aside and asked if I thought it would be legal for him to let somebody else cut the rope at the fatal moment. He had been offered a hundred dollars for the privilege, he said, but he would give all he had, and his office beside, if he could get rid of the responsibility.

When I returned to the prisoner, I asked if there was anything I could do for him.

"Yes," said he; "you can bring me things to wash and shave with. I don't want to go into the King's presence looking this way, you know."

"You shall have them," said I. "Anything else?"

"Just one thing," said he. "It's my last favor to ask of you, Barnes."

"It's granted before you ask it. What is it?"

"I want you to join the church," said he. "I won't say which one; I leave that to you. I'll pray for you, that you may have light. I'll pray for you, too, constable."

"Do it if you dare!" exclaimed the officer, shaking one fist at the prisoner and brandishing his pistol with the other hand. "You've nearly killed me now, and I'm not as anxious to die as you are, you infernal saint."

I went for shaving materials, and on the way I met several men with troubled faces going toward the lockup; their demeanor was so unusual as to excite my curiosity, so I followed them. They stopped in front of the door, nudged one another, and finally one said, in the most shame-faced way imaginable:

"Mr. Hardway, it's blasted mean, but we can't work the fife-and-drum deadmarch racket; the fifer's been drinkin' so hard to git himself up in good style that he won't be fit to toot, an' we can't find another in the crowd. The boys is awful disappointed."

"Are they?" asked Hardway. "Then I'm real sorry for them. H'm—too bad. But I'll tell you," he continued, brightening suddenly, "what might be done. I used to play the flute, so I've no doubt I could blow the fife. If you'll let me try, I think I can do it well enough to answer the purpose."

The members of the committee looked at one another, and acted as if they wanted to run away; finally, one of them uttered the name of his Maker with tremendous earnestness.

"Really," said Hardway, "I don't know of any one who, under the circumstances, could do it better than I. Don't you see? I'm the person that's to die, I know how I feel, so I ought to be able to play appropriate music. If—"

"The fife's your'n," said one of the committee, abruptly turning and hurrying away, followed by his associates. Hardway looked after them a moment, and said:

"One more chance to do good, Barnes; it seems as if this day is to be doubly blessed to me."

Hardway ate his breakfast with as much relish as if he expected to do a hard day's work; he stopped in the middle of it, however, and tried to worry me into a discussion about the probable food of the inmates of heaven. It was his opinion that they ate manna, for had not this dietetic standby of the Israelites fallen from the sky?

As soon as the meal was finished the funeral escort approached. I had no idea that the town and the mines could turn out so many men. I think no one was absent; a few of the more important inhabitants stood aloof in a dignified manner—spectators, but not participants—but every shop and bar in the town was closed. The drummer, a heavy German, came several minutes in advance, bringing the fife with him; Hardway put the instrument to his lips, ran his fingers over the keys, and seemed delighted to find that he had not forgotten how to play. His practicing was interrupted by the constable, who entered and said:

"They're all here, Mr. Hardway."

The prisoner stepped to the door, looked out, and seemed somewhat astonished at the size of the throng, but he muttered:

"So much the better—so much the better." Then he said: "All right, Mr. Constable; I'm ready."

The constable seemed somewhat puzzled about something, but finally said:

"If it's the same to you, Mr. Hardway, I'll walk in front of you instead of behind. I s'pose by rights the fife and drum ought always to come fust in a procession, but if I walk behind alone, and then the chief mourner comes along alone, the show will be too straggled out and straggled in like."

"Suit yourself, Mr. Constable," said Hardway, putting the fife to his lips and playing in pantomime; he really seemed anxious to get off.

"Lead off, then," said the officer. "Mr. Barnes, you come next to the prisoner, seein' you're chief mourner."

I had not intended to be part of the horrible exhibition, and Hardway seemed to care so little for any earthly sympathy that I had ample excuse for not remaining with him to the terrible end. I was pushed into the place of honor, however; the fife shrieked, the drum rolled, the men behind me started, and I was carried along before I knew it. Between dying and listening to a dead march I think I would prefer the former, so I anticipated much misery, but Hardway played no dead marches. On the contrary, he blew the airs of more lively hymns than I supposed had ever been set to music, although I recognized one after another as old acquaintances. He began with the very jolly air of the Sunday-school song:

"Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more."

The constable turned abruptly around and nearly brought the procession to a halt by repeated stumbles as he walked backward and stared at the musician. A great murmur arose from the procession, and one man, not far behind me, remarked that he thought it unutterably mean in the prisoner to take all the horrors out of the fun. Of course he also played "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye." Then he gave the procession a bit of Beethoven, at which I wondered greatly, until I learned

afterward that it was sung in churches to the hymn beginning:

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move."

The constable was very much affected by the entire proceedings, but he did not lose his sense of official responsibility, so he led the procession through every street of the town. I watched Hardway closely, expecting that he would be startled out of his serenity on coming in sight of the gallows. But nothing of the sort happened; he merely threw back his head a little more and began playing:

"Jerusalem, my happy home."

If he performed it in slow time it was only because of the impossibility of playing it any other way.

While still engaged with this air the procession reached the scaffold, the constable so leading it that it formed a square around the structure, and then halted perforce. The constable stood in the center, called Hardway to him, and said:

"I'm sure, Mr. Hardway, the boys will pass a vote of thanks, right here and now, if you like, for your kindness in playin'."

"Don't mention it," said Hardway; "I hope it did them good."

"Then I s'pose we might as well go upstairs?"

"Just as you say, sir. Come along, Barnes."

I hope no criminal ascending the gallows steps ever suffered as I did in the next minute; Hardway, however, seemed as calm as usual, and on arriving at the platform he looked heavenward and remarked, quite cheerfully:

"There's a very fine view from here, Barnes."

The fellow's serenity of soul should have moved me to speechless admiration, but somehow it caused me to lose my temper, advance to the front of the platform and call the spectators every hard name I could think of—fools, cowards, idiots, beasts, murderers—for insisting on hanging a man so manifestly innocent. Why they refrained from shooting me I do not know; probably it was because they were too astonished to do anything whatever. The constable stood beside me, and when for lack of breath I stopped talking he shook his fist at the men who elected him, and he shouted:

"That's just what I say."

Suddenly Hardway stepped between us and pushed us back; it was probably well that he did so, for the crowd was beginning to murmur.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you mustn't mind my excited friends who have just spoken; they've never been converted, so they don't know any better. As I never killed that man, I've thought it strange that I should be appointed to die for the crime, but I think I understand it now; it is so that a lot of men without God and without hope may see how peaceably and happily a follower of Jesus can leave this world. Remember this occasion, my friends, when some day you stand face to face with Death and your hearts shake with terror—remember how you've seen a Redeemed Soul leave the world."

Short though it was, this speech made a profound impression; I noted some faces that showed positive fear. The constable adjusted the noose, and Hardway called me to him. I took his hand expecting to feel it tremble, but it grasped mine like a vise as Hardway said: "Remember, Barnes, you've promised to join the church."

There was suddenly a commotion below, and one of the hideous shapes that had haunted the lockup on the previous night dashed up the gallows steps, snatched

the halter from Hardway's neck, and yelled to the crowd :

"This man never killed anybody. I'm the murderer!"

"What?" exclaimed Hardway, flying at the fellow's throat. "Why, you infernal scoundrel, here I was just inside the gates of Paradise, and you've dragged me out again."

No person present had the legal right to grant Hard-

way a reprieve, but as they were ignorant of this fact the ends of justice were appropriately met, and the innocent man was escorted to my hotel by the entire procession, although he declined to play the fife on the way. Then the crowd returned to the gallows and hanged the real murderer in spite of Hardway's earnest protests.

Hardway is now a home missionary in the West. I joined the church.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

SECOND PAPER.

A DISTINGUISHED contributor briefly reviews the "Buccaneer" in *Blackwood*, commending it in the following words: "We pronounce it by far the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions."

Comparing this poem with the "Ancient Mariner," "Peter Bell," and "Peter Grimes," the writer continues: "It belongs to the same class, and shows much of the same power in the delineation of the mysterious workings of the passions and the imagination, but is not equal to any one of them."

It is to the concluding clause that exception is here taken.

Wordsworth made a severe study of "Peter Bell," designing through its instrumentality to establish a theory. In a prefatory letter to Southey he says: "The poem of 'Peter Bell,' as the prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as *imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure*, by incidents within the compass of poetic probability in the humblest departments of daily life."

Peter Bell was a hawker of earthenwares, who for

"Two and thirty years or more
Had been a wild and woodland rover."

"A savage wildness round him hung,
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors."

"He had a dozen wedded wives."

One November night, wandering along the banks of the river Swale—for what purpose he himself was ignorant—he spied, on

"A small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round,"
instead of "ghost or goblin damned,"
"A solitary ass."

Peter cried, "A prize!" Then, leaping on its back, seized the halter, and kicked the beast in the sides. True to the instinct of its kind, the ass refused to move.

"Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,
A jerk that from a dungeon floor
Would have pulled up an iron ring;
But still the heavy-headed thing
Stood just as he had stood before!"

Peter now dismounted, true to the instinct of his kind, and knocked the brute down. Then it was the ass's turn again. It rolled a "shining hazel eye" on

Peter, then on the river, and groaned thrice. Peter belabored it with a cudgel, and waxing hotter in wrath, determined to pitch it into the water. But the ass brayed just in season to prevent this catastrophe. Let the reader imagine himself on the ground of action. At this point Peter is entranced by a dreadful shape down in the river, which puzzles both him and the poet to determine. At length, released from the spell, he finds a staff and sounds the water. While so engaged

"Full suddenly the ass doth rise;
His staring bones all shake with joy,
And close by Peter's side he stands."

Soon the sapling is entwined in the hair of a dead man's head. Peter draws the body out; and it dawns upon him that it is that of the ass's master. The ass now kneels, and Peter mounts.

The poor creature has watched by its master's grave for four days without a mouthful of food; nevertheless Peter, wretch that he is, rides it all the way home—to the ass's home. The journey proves exceedingly unpleasant; doleful sounds and sights continually disturb the travelers. The ass is full Peter's match in point of intelligence and sensibility, and is equally annoyed by these dread visitations. Seeing it had no compunctions of conscience, having never been the husband of twelve wives, or anything of the kind, it seems unfair that it should suffer equally with the outlaw, but it does. Peter is frightened at the wandering leaf that follows him, and at the blood upon his path. Soon, however, he finds the blood comes from no more hidden source than the wound he has made on the donkey's head; and is, in a measure, quieted—so much so, that he takes out his tobacco-box and knocks on the lid

"In a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play."

Wordsworth, notwithstanding his philosophy, here, if not before, steps over the boundary line and evokes some power—it *must* have been supernatural—that causes the ass to turn his head and *grin*!

Peter returns the supernatural grin, however, with a very natural one of his own, and they journey on. Soon they come to "a brake of flowery furze," where Peter sees a genuine ghost—that of a Highland girl that he had ruined. The ass does not seem to think this worth noticing, but Peter feels the vision keenly. Further on he hears a Methodist minister preaching, "Repent! repent!" Whereat he melts into tears, and becomes gentle as

"An infant that has not known sin."

Next they arrive at the dead man's home. The women inside spy the ass, and rush out to find it is the lost one upon his back, but a stranger.

They are prostrate with grief. Peter tells the wife

his story, and does all in his power to comfort her. Immediately he and a neighbor go after the corpse and bring it home. Here the story ends. The ass helped support the family for many years thereafter—

"And Peter Bell, who till that night,
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man."

Setting aside the question as to the propriety of writing a poem for the purpose of establishing a theory, it is sufficient to observe that the author of "Peter Bell," in his endeavor to keep within the bounds of "poetic probability," has produced a story the general character of which is a powerful stimulant to incredulity. Had he kept within the limits set he might at least have avoided disproving his own theory. In that case, however, the effort must have been even a greater failure. It is to a direct violation of his theory that he is indebted for one of the finest features of the poem—the ghost of the Highland girl. But, theory or no theory, is "Peter Bell" readable? To my mind it would be hard to find a great poet's sober work leading more logically to a ludicrous, not to say a ridiculous, termination. We are presented with a mass of uninteresting, unnatural detail; where, nothing being left to the imagination, the reader is continually embarrassed by the pains taken on his account. "Peter Bell" may be read to the end out of respect to its author, but how it can be placed above the "Buccaneer" as a "delineation of the mysterious workings of the passions and the imagination," is beyond comprehension.

Peter Grimes, like Peter Bell, began his career a most wicked man. In Crabbe's own words: "The mind here exhibited is one untouched by pity, unstung by remorse, and uncorrected by shame: yet is this hardihood of temper and spirit broken by want, disease, solitude and disappointment; and he becomes the victim of a distempered and horror-stricken fancy. *It is evident, therefore, that no feeble vision, no half-visible ghost, not the momentary glance of an embodied being, nor the half-audible voice of an invisible one, would be created by the continual workings of distress on a mind so depraved and flinty.*" Here, at the outset, this author pronounces against Wordsworth's theory. Peter Grimes is the son of a fisherman, a wayward youth that would not have wept when his good father died had he not been in liquor. He follows his father's vocation, takes three apprentices, one after another, from a London workhouse, and kills them by brutal treatment. He is tried, but escapes conviction. The people, however, are assured of his guilt; and children, pointing at him as he passes through the streets, cry out: "That's the wicked man!" He dreads to pursue his work alone, not only because his nature requires the presence of one on whom he may practice devilish cruelty, but because his conscience is beginning to be troubled by the murders he had committed. He desires society, but is obliged to shun it. The poet thus describes him and his desolate surroundings:

"When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day
Through the tall, bounding mud-banks made their way,
Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow,
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot, slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows lay;
Where gaping mussels left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;

Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and trace
How sidelong crabs had scrawl'd their crooked race;
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull or clanging golden-eye;
What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,
And the loud bittern, from the bull-rush home,
Gave from the salt-ditch side the bellowing boom.
He nursed the feelings these dull scenes produce,
And loved to stop beside the opening sluice,
Where the small stream, confined in narrow bound,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadd'ning sound;
Where all presented to the eye or ear
Oppress'd the soul with misery, grief and fear."

Striking picture of a man preyed upon by "a mind diseased." Dana puts Matthew Lee in much the same situation. The reader will observe in how much smaller space he draws his picture, yet leaves the impression no less vivid and complete:

"Who's sitting on that long black ledge,
Which makes so far out in the sea,
Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge?
Poor idle Matthew Lee!
So weak and pale! A year and little more,
And bravely did he lord it round the shore."

These two descriptions give the cue that enables one to distinguish between the methods of the two poets. But again to Peter Grimes. There are three places that Peter dreads to see. In the delirium that closes his career he describes to the priest at his bedside what he sees in them. A portion of his description runs in this wise:

"I fixed my eyes
On the midstream and saw the spirits rise;
I saw my father on the water stand,
And hold a thin, pale boy in either hand;
And there they glided ghastly on the top
Of the salt flood, and never touched a drop;
I would have struck them, but they knew th' intent,
And smiled upon the oar, and down they went."

These ghosts haunted the wretched fisherman daily, forcing him to stop his boat and look upon them, and hear them call him to his death. Summer idlers in the town spied him with their glasses floating aimlessly about in the bay, and went out to him.

He resigned his boat to them, and they carried him—a madman—to a parish-bed. The confessional ravings of the dying man bring the tale to a truly terrible close:

"In one fierce summer day, when my poor brain
Was burning hot, and cruel was my pain,
Then came this father-foe, and there he stood,
With his two boys again upon the flood;
There was more mischief in their eyes, more gle
In their pale faces when they glared at me;
Still did they force me on the oar to rest,
And when they saw me fainting and oppress'd,
He, with his hand, the old man, scoop'd the flood,
And there came flame about him mix'd with blood;
He bade me stoop and look upon the place,
Then flung the hot red liquor in my face.
Burning it blazed, and then I roared for pain;
I thought the demons would have turn'd my brain.
Still there they stood, and forced me to behold
A place of horrors—they cannot be told—
Where the flood opened; there I heard the shriek
Of tortured guilt—no earthly tongue can speak:
'All day alike! forever!' did they say;
'And unremitted torments every day.'
Yes, so they said." But here he ceased, and gazed
On all around, affrighten'd and amazed;
And still he tried to speak, and look'd in dread
Of frightened females gathering round his bed;
Then dropp'd exhausted and appear'd at rest,
Till the strong foe the vital powers possess'd;
Then with an inward, broken voice, he cried:
'Again they come,' and mutter'd as he died."

This story carries one along so carefully to its dreadful end that it might be accepted as a historic fact. No absurdities, no improbabilities. The wretch dies, as he ought to die, almost if not quite a maniac. Had he risen from his bed after "ten months' melancholy," and lived on for years "a good and honest man," we would have been disgusted with ourselves that we ever opened the book. Repentance, reform, had spoiled the whole.

Dana, by a happy union of the ideas of Wordsworth and of Crabbe, makes Lee repentant at the last, but suffering ceaselessly all the pangs of a madman and more. Lee is in no delirium; his is the torture of one that is calm and collected, praying for mercy but finding none. He feels himself steadily drawn down and down to the awful death he so well deserves. The agony hourly increases; there is no hope. The ghastly shapes that haunted Grimes sprang from his own disordered mind; but those that follow Lee come from without, as if he were in the hands of legions of the damned. Much more is drawn from the supernatural; and yet so natural does it all appear that we pity Lee as if he were actually suffering before our eyes. But this is in anticipation.

The first thing that strikes one in analyzing the "Buccaneer" is the constant recurrence of contrast. The poem opens with the picture of a quiet island off the coast of New England:

"The island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on this glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently—
How beautiful! No ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach."

By-the-way, where is there a picture in American poetry nearer perfect than the second stanza? On this island Matthew Lee had held sway for a dozen years. He had robbed and murdered without restriction, and was feared as the devil incarnate.

His expenditures, however, were greater than the profits of his plunder. Fitting out a merchant ship, he now sets sail for Spain. He encounters a fearful storm, loses his cargo of spoils—taken from murdered men—and rides into a Spanish port sullen with disappointment.

Here the poet pauses to narrate in his graphic style a war then raging in that bloody land:

"A sound is in the Pyrenees!
Whirling and dark comes roaring down
A tide as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown;
On field and vineyard thick and red it stood;
Spain's streets and palaces are wet with blood."

A young bride, whose husband has been recently slain in battle, comes with her servants and "the white steed she rode beside her lord," and begs passage to some far country where she may be rid of painful associations.

Lee feigns pity for her woe, and takes her on board. Immediately the devilish purpose of the pirate is discovered:

"The moon comes up, the night goes on;
Why, in the shadow of the mast,
Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone?

Thy pledge!—nay, keep it fast!
Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows, Lee;
Helpless, alone—and, then, her trust in thee.

"When told the hardships thou hadst borne,
Her words to thee were like a charm;
With uncheered grief her heart is worn;
Thou wilt not do her harm!
He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
And growls an oath—'It is too still to-night!'"

Again we find the contrast—this beautiful, unprotected, heart-broken woman thrown up against the black background of the villain's soul.

Lee struggles with his conscience, overcomes it, and "makes the deadly sign." "The crew glide down like shadows" and stab the servants. The mistress escapes from her cabin, and, shrieking, leaps overboard; she is swept beneath the waves. Lee is troubled over his crime, but he bears up, and, with foul jests, conceals his unrest.

"The silly thing's to blame
To quit us so. 'Tis plain she loved us not,
Or she had stayed awhile, and shared my cot."

But hidden guilt so besets him that he fears the white horse. It is accordingly thrown overboard alive.

"And through the swift wave's yeasty crown
His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down,
Now heaves again to sight,
Then drifts away; and through the night they hear
Far off that dreadful cry."

Here again is the white horse against the black night. We shall see him again.

The lady's gold is taken, and laden with spoil, the returning crew burn their vessel near the shore to escape detection, and row to the island in small boats. They tell the islanders the fire was accidental, and

"Matt lords it now throughout the isle;
His hand falls heavier than before;
All dread alike his form or smile—
None come within his door,
Save those who dipped their hands in blood with him,
Save those who laughed to see the white horse swim."

The anniversary night comes round, and while they are rioting a red light gleams upon the waters. It is midnight, and again we have one of those startling pictures that depend so much upon the bringing together of opposed elements. The light proves to be a spectre-ship on fire fast approaching the island:

"And now she rides upright and still,
Shedding a wild and lurid light
Around the cove, on inland hill,
Waking the gloom of night."

Now, too, the spectre-horse rises from the waves and moves rapidly toward the sands. He gains them:

"And on he speeds! His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The spectre-horse to-night!
His path is shining like a swift ship's wake;
Before Lee's door he gleams like day's gray break."

Where, in either of the poems before examined, is the equal of this passage? The reader fairly shudders, so alive is the scene; his interest being continually whetted by intimations of some new thing still more dreadful soon to follow. In the above stanza we discern the fate of Lee. He must ride the white horse.

"Ha! Why does Lee look wildly round?
Thinks he the drowned horse near?"

He drops his cup—his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down—it is thy banquet night."

A master-stroke is the personal address in the last line. The poet, avoiding over-detail, omits nothing that can make us more thoroughly realize the horror of the situation. We are not reading or dreaming; we are actually looking upon and speaking to a human wretch given over into the hands of hell.

Lee mounts "the shadow-beast," which bears him to the brink of a precipice. He seems about to leap over, but stops short:

"He stands, like marble, high above the surge."

Here let us mark Wordsworth's management of a like situation; putting the natural and the supernatural once more to the test of comparison:

"All, all is silent—rocks and woods,
All still and silent, far and near!
Only the ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear!"

Horse and rider "on the hanging steep," are as we left them, lit up by the glare of the burning ship. It is evident from the looks of Lee that he sees something more dreadful than the burning ship—"the bodies of the drowned."

In his agony he cries out:

"I look where mortal man may not—
Down to the chambers of the deep.
I see the dead—long, long forgot—
I see them in their sleep."

Then follows one of the most skillful touches of the poem—the utterance of kindness and compassion. The poet pleads for him that has leagued his soul with darkness:

"Thou mild, sad mother, silent moon,
Thy last, low, melancholy ray
Shines toward him. Quit him not so soon!
Mother, in mercy, stay!
Despair and death are with him; and canst thou,
With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now?"

"O, thou wast born for worlds of love;
Making more lovely in thy shine
Whate'er thou look'st on: hosts above,
In that soft light of thine,
Burn softer; earth, in silvery veil, seems heaven.
Thou'rt going down!—hast left him unforgiven!"

Day dawns, the spectre-horse fades from under him, and he is left alone standing on the cliff. Still there when evening comes, the poet thus depicts his desolation:

"The gull has found her place on shore;
The sun gone down again to rest;
And all is still but ocean's roar;
There stands the moon unblest."

He goes back to his home. All his comrades have fled; he has no friend in man, or beast, or inanimate thing. He is shunned as a pestilence. Again the anniversary night returns, and a second time he sees the spectre-horse. This time the spirit gives him warning of the final horror:

"Listen! I twice have come to thee;
Once more, and then a dreadful way,
And thou must go with me!"

Up to this hour Lee has been able to affect an outward show of brute-courage, now his spirit is completely broken:

"They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day, the uneven strand?
'I wish, I wish that I might go!
But I would go by land;
And there's no way that I can find; I've tried
All day and night!' He seaward looked and sighed."

All the sweet voices of nature are haunting him, crying out against his crime. He can do nothing but await the last coming of the spectre-steed, which shall bear him he knows not whither, but to some goal from which there is no return.

"They've met. 'I know thou com'st for me,'
Lee's spirit to the spectre said;
'I know that I must go with thee:
Take me not to the dead.
It was not I alone that did the deed!
Dreadful the eye of that still, spectral steed."

"Lee cannot turn. There is a force
In that fixed eye, which holds him fast.
How still they stand—the man and horse!
'Thine hour is almost past.'
'O spare me,' cries the wretch, 'thou fearful one!'
'The time is come—I must not go alone."

"'I'm weak and faint. O, let me stay!'
'Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee!'
The horse and man are on their way;
He bears him to the sea.
Hard breathes the spectre through the silent night;
Fierce from his nostrils streams a deathly light."

"He's on the beach; he stops not there;
He's on the sea—that dreadful horse!
Lee flings and writhes in wild despair.
In vain! The spirit corse
Holds him by fearful spell—he cannot leap;
Within that horrid light he rides the deep."

"It lights the sea around their track—
The curling comb, and steel-dark wave
And Lee sits on the spectre's back;
Gone! gone! and none to save!
They're seen no more; the night has shut them in.
May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!"

"The earth has washed away its stain;
The sealed-up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again
From the far south and north;
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.
O, whither on its waters rideth Lee?"

The power evidenced at the beginning is maintained to the close. All has been plain enough, but mystery still overlies the mind, working its peculiar, irresistible fascination. Where is Lee? We may search, but shall never find him.

The writer has done little more than set side by side outlines of the three poems under consideration. He is content to stop here. If clean-cutting analysis of human passion and of the subtle relations subsisting between man and the world about and above him; if the secret art of summoning into one's presence striking shapes of light and darkness—puissant creations hidden from the visible and invisible of nature and of the soul; if strength of intellect, reach of imagination, fervency of feeling and signal energy of expression—if these are the qualifications for such efforts, and we are to decide on the evidence offered by the efforts respectively, the "Buccaneer" must rank among the four poems in question, next after the "Ancient Mariner."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A PERMANENT INVESTMENT.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"THAT long-closed corner house is taken at last, Kate," said Mr. Hildreth to his wife, as he drew his boots off and his slippers on, in preparation for a highly domestic evening. "I saw this morning that the shutters were open, and the front clean, and I happened to meet Maguire, the agent, on my way down town. He says a New England family, perfect strangers, have taken it, and he had the cheek to beg me 'not to say anything till they are well settled!'"

"Well, of all the impudent——" Mrs. Hildreth panted, as if language failed her, adding presently: "I hope you didn't promise him *anything*, Frank?"

"I didn't," replied her husband, with a quiet smile at her excitement. "He told me the name of the new tenant, and, if I am not much mistaken, he's a mighty good fellow I used to know in Bridgeport. We ought to call on them, anyhow, as they're such near neighbors, and, if I am right in my surmise, I feel hopeful. He's not the man to submit to any sort of evil that can be remedied, if it is Tom Collingwood."

"But what can he do?" asked Mrs. Hildreth, despondently. "Even after you had worked up the neighbors to sign that complaint, things were only better for a week or two."

"I don't know myself what to do next," replied her husband; "but it seems to me there must be something, and if there is, Tom's the fellow to find it. I hope you'll call soon, Kate. I'll go with you, if you'll go in the evening."

"Why shouldn't we go to-night?" Mrs. Hildreth said, suddenly.

"I thought you were going to give me my revenge at chess this evening, madame, and beside——" and Mr. Hildreth made his slippered feet needlessly prominent.

"Your revenge will keep very well, Frank," replied his wife, briskly.

"Well, of all the impudent——!" interrupted Mr. Hildreth, with a good imitation of her indignant voice and manner. "I surrender, madame, I surrender; but if you are going to turn out satirical, after the delusive amiability with which you wooed me——"

"How dare you say I wooed you, you unprincipled man, when you asked me three times——"

"To go to the opera with me, and you went, every time. But you're quite right, Kitty, if you are a little unpleasant. I've taken it out in talking long enough, and now, if Tom Collingwood really is the new neighbor, we will see what we can do."

Mr. Hildreth's conjecture proved to be well-founded. The big, broad-shouldered man who advanced to meet them as they were ushered into the parlor grasped their hands warmly with a hearty:

"Now this is first-rate! I hoped it was you, Hildreth, when I saw the name on the door, and I'd have known your wife anywhere from the likeness you showed me."

Mrs. Collingwood was quickly presented, and her manner was as genial as that of her husband. A very pleasant half hour followed, and then Tom Collingwood said suddenly:

"By-the-way, Hildreth, you've lived in the neighborhood for some time—perhaps you can tell whether or not the row that kept us awake last night was in the usual order of things, and just where it took place?"

We noticed a 'saloon' around the corner on—— Street, but the agent assured me that the people there were perfect lambs and that we need fear no disturbance."

"That is just like Mr. Maguire," said Mrs. Hildreth, indignantly. "The whole neighborhood has been disturbed for months by the goings on at that place."

"I was afraid something was wrong from the lowness of the rent," said Mrs. Collingwood; "but Tom and I concluded that we should find at least one saloon within a block of us wherever we went, and the agent had a very straight story about their choosing to ask a low rent rather than re-paper the house just now—the paper is in good order, but very old-fashioned, and some of it sinfully ugly."

"I'll confess, Tom," said Mr. Hildreth, "that my chief reason for falling upon your neck at such an early stage of the proceedings was, that if it should turn out to be you, I wanted to enlist you for a battle I have undertaken and haven't the strength for alone. The neighbors willingly signed a paper I took round a few weeks ago, and the people in that den were warned that if they were reported again they would be instantly suppressed; but, after a week or so of comparative quietness, they have broken out again worse than ever, and I can't stir the neighbors up to take any active steps. You see Maguire is the agent for most of the houses on this block and the row that includes that den, and I do believe they're afraid."

"Very likely," said Mr. Collingwood, "and one can't altogether blame them. It's unpleasant, very, but do you know, Frank, I'm not half sorry that we stumbled into this fix? Mary and I have been bringing up a little theory ever since I had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and I almost think it's old enough to run alone. Didn't I see a 'To Let' placard on a good-sized store with a dwelling-house over it somewhere in the same block with that den?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Hildreth, "but what in the world has that to do with the question?"

"Everything, I hope," said Mr. Collingwood. "Have you patience to listen while I expound? I'm a little dangerous when once I mount my hobby. Very well, then, I'll go ahead. Mary and I generally keep a decent novel on hand, by way of unbending our strained intellects of evenings. I dare say you've read, too—we've been re-reading lately—'Seed-Time and Harvest,' by that charming Fritz Reuter, and 'An Impossible Story,' by Besant and Rice? You have—very well; something struck me, on this last reading of the former, that never before did. Jochen's refrain of 'Well, mother, what are you going to do about it?' is the key-note of the book, and not just a laughable parrot-speech, as I thought it was at first. How they did bestir themselves, each in his different way, and each reaping as he sowed. The second book seemed a sort of explication of the first—it's absurd, of course, but how delightfully absurd! We're not all millionaires and heiresses, you know, and we can't go about the world putting up Palaces of Delight wherever they are needed, but it struck us, while we were reading the book, that its main idea might be successfully carried out in an humble and practical manner, and cost less than one would imagine who looked at it superficially. All the sermons and temperance lectures in the world

will have small effect so long as they only knock down and don't try to build up when the ground is cleared. When John the Baptist came preaching, he stirred the people up, and then told them what to go and do. Now it's all very well to give lectures, if the people you wish to lecture will listen to you, and to give refined entertainments, if the people for whom you are fishing will come—but, as a rule, they won't. An eminently sensible and practical woman, discussing the question of amusements for the men and boys who haunt saloons and low theatres, said, quietly: 'I'd give them clog-dances,' and there you have it in a nutshell. To come up from theory to practice, my proposal is that a dozen or more—if they will—of the residents of this neighborhood form a new sort of reform-club, each member pledged to do his share, either in person or by substitute, in giving free entertainments, with no harm in them, but with enough loudness and buffoonery to draw those poor fellows in. I am quite willing to be the one to negotiate for the renting or purchase of that vacant building, and my plan would be to make a clean, tidy, cheap temperance restaurant of the lower floor; to have a billiard-room and a tenpin alley on the second, and a library and lecture-room on the third. I know a fellow in Boston who would take charge of it all, I think, if I were to ask him—a good-tempered Hercules, with a fist like a sledge-hammer. The men should be made to understand from the first that a certain amount of decency was indispensable, and encouraged to bring their wives and older children. Any sort of gambling would, of course, be prohibited, but I should have various games of chance and skill—eminently chess among the latter. You needn't look sceptical at that, Frank—one of the cleverest players I ever encountered was an enormous drayman, to whom I idly taught the moves in rainy weather. And you needn't all maintain this flatteringly respectful silence. You've heard my 'views,' now let's have yours."

"I think it is a—*a magnificent plan*," said little Mrs. Hildreth, enthusiastically; "but while you were talking, I thought of several more things. It's natural you should provide chiefly for the men—but why shouldn't there be a room with small tables and bright lights, provided with sewing materials, and a nice motherly woman sitting there every evening willing to teach the poor women how to cut, and fit, and sew for their husbands and children, and themselves, too?"

"That's a capital idea," said Mr. Collingwood, heartily. "I think, from an outside observation, that there are three available rooms on each floor, and one could easily be spared for that purpose."

"And why," asked Mrs. Collingwood in her turn, "should not one of the restaurant-cooks be engaged to give instruction to any one who wanted it in her 'off' hours—good, solid instruction, about yeast and bread-makings, and soups without grease, and meat boiled and roasted and broiled, instead of fried? And why shouldn't there be an extra range or stove in the kitchen, where they could do things properly, if they had no decent places at home?"

"Better and better!" he said. "If the wives learn to cook, half the battle for half the husbands will be fought. Who can blame the poor wretches for leaving their dark, squalid homes, for the bright, warm, noisy saloons. Now, Hildreth, it's your turn—we've all had our say but you."

"I don't think you've left much for me to say," said Mr. Hildreth; "but I have one small idea, I believe—a poor thing, sir, but mine own. If your Hercules be—as I suppose he must be—a man of strict integrity, why

could he not keep a sort of private bank, or saving-fund rather, where the men and women who felt themselves to be weak, and feared to yield to temptation, might deposit their wages as soon as they were received, for safe-keeping against themselves?"

"That's about the best thing yet," said Mr. Collingwood; "it strikes at the very root. Now, the next, or rather the first step, is to secure one dozen members. Give me the names of those you consider most hopeful, Hildreth, and we'll call on them to-morrow night, if you're willing."

"You're the same old Tom," said Mr. Hildreth, laughing; "no grass will ever grow under your feet. Very well; I've been anxious enough to start something, though I did not know just what, so I'll not complain that you are so tremendously started. You've your pencil all ready, I see. Let me think—you'd better begin with Col. Lennox; he will be more apt to fall in if he hears he is first on the list, and the rest will be more apt to join if they hear he has; he's something of a local autocrat. Dr. Moore, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Miller, Dr. Marston—he's a D.D., and the others are M.D.'s—Judge Butterworth, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Winton, Mr. Kennedy—how many does that make?"

"Nine. Can't you think of one more, to make up an even ten?"

"You didn't name Mr. Perrin, Frank," said Mrs. Hildreth; "did you forget him?"

"No, I didn't forget him," said Mr. Hildreth, doubtfully; "but he's so frightfully and obviously rich, you know—"

"Just what we want, my boy," interrupted Mr. Collingwood, adding his name to the list. "If I'm not much mistaken, he will give us ideas as well as money. There, I call that a good evening's work," and he pocketed his note-book with a satisfied little pat.

Then the callers were surprised to find that it was long after ten, and humbly apologized for the length of their first call, as they took cordial leave of their new neighbors.

There is a well-known difference between a plan on paper and one in action, and the new-fashioned reform-club was to form no exception to this rule.

Colonel Lennox, after hearing the plan of action stated, gave hearty co-operation at once, and as he had both money and influence, this was most encouraging. Dr. Moore, to whom they next applied, listened with cold civility, and then said, with rather unnecessary emphasis, that he had no faith in measures of this kind—that the only hope for the suppression of such dens as the one on ——— Street, was in a mayor who was something more than a figure-head, and a really honest and efficient police force.

"I beg you will understand," he added, "that I would grudge neither the money nor the time, did I consider your plan a practical one; but it seems to me, if you will excuse me for saying so, utterly visionary and un-practical. The men and boys who frequent the saloons and low theatres will not be attracted by the sort of entertainment I understand you to propose, and the chief result of your enterprise, so far as I can see, will be to draw the respectable men and women, who would otherwise remain at home, into habits of gadding and dissipation."

Hildreth had been visibly chafing under this speech, and cast a look toward Collingwood to suggest an abrupt departure; but the latter not appearing to see it, answered the doctor pleasantly:

"Oh, come now, doctor, you mustn't be so hard upon us! Think it over a little more. You know it is

positively asserted that those public drinking-fountains, where men can water their horses without feeling obliged to take a drink 'for the good of the house,' have been powerful temperance agents, and we merely wish to enlarge upon that idea. Most, if not all, the cheap restaurants keep liquor for sale. Cheap food and drink are generally nasty as well, and there are ten temptations to draw a man into a saloon to one, or none, drawing the other way. The poor souls, who can barely afford fire enough for their cooking, will soon find the attraction of warm, clean, cosy rooms, where they may eat and drink, work or play, for what it would cost them to buy the raw material at home. Home! you can't call the dens they live in by that name, and who knows but the sight of our clean refuge may brisk up even the lowest of them to make things a little more decent in their forlorn sleeping-holes. And don't you see that the actual ascent from story to story—from the eating-room to the harmless play and helpful work—is a sort of symbol of what we may hope for in time? We can't make them refined, and cultivated, and clean, and happy by talking to and at them from a pedestal, any more than you can save a drowning man by shouting directions to him from the bank; but give them something they can catch hold of, and then help them up, step by step, and you'll see that enough of them will come to warm the cockles of your heart!"

The doctor's face during this exordium was an interesting study; but he held out his hand as the latter finished, saying, cordially:

"I can't say that I agree with you. Yet I can see that you are thoroughly in earnest, and earnestness I always respect, even in a mistaken cause."

He turned to his desk and filled up a check for a hundred dollars.

"There," he said, handing it to Collingwood. "If I forget to give you the same amount six months from now, should your attempt last so long, you will please remind me of the promise I now make to do it."

There was a lively discussion between the two young men as they walked to the next place upon their list.

"It's a little too much like begging to suit my fancy," said Hildreth, in tones of deep annoyance. "He acted as if we were trying to blackmail him, confound him!"

"My dear fellow," said Collingwood, good-temperedly, "you musn't be so thin-skinned. Other people have as much right to their convictions as we have to ours, and if you will just look at the thing from the doctor's point of view you'll admit that the old boy behaved very handsomely. Now, can you think of another name to substitute for his? It's evident he will not serve—just yet."

"I can think of several," replied Hildreth, more peaceably, but still with reluctance. "Sam Griffiths would at least be civil to us, even if he shouldn't agree with us, and we might try him, anyhow."

None of the other nominees positively refused to join this novel club, although one or two asked for a few days "to think it over."

As if to atone for the wet-blanketing of the recalcitrant M.D., the D.D. listened to their plan with eager interest, and pledged himself to give them every help within his power.

"I am sorry to say that this will include no money," he said, with evident embarrassment, the color rising to his thin cheek as he spoke. "But in any way that I can be of use personally you may fully count upon me. I have had vague ideas pointing toward your project for a long time, and the scheme does my very heart good."

"My dear sir," said Collingwood, heartily, "such moral support as this is worth more than money."

"With the blessing of God," said Dr. Marston. "Except the Lord keep the city—you know the rest."

"I'm afraid I was waxing a little too self-confident, doctor," and the big fellow blushed like a girl. "Thank you. I'll bear that in mind."

It had been arranged that a preliminary meeting should be held at Collingwood's house a week from the evening upon which the round of visits was made, and the two chief conspirators were gratified by a full attendance. The men who had been invited to share in this enterprise were most of them earnest and energetic business or professional men in the prime of life, well educated, and thoughtful. The plan had commended itself to them more and more as they thought it over, and the meeting was encouragingly harmonious. Collingwood had inquired into the price of the house which he wished if possible to purchase; it was moderate, considering the locality, and more than enough money to buy it and put it in repair was pledged at the first meeting. He had also written to his Boston Hercules, not committing himself fully, but describing the enterprise, and making a conditional offer of a salary. To this letter he had received a favorable reply, and the next requirement was that of a sort of matron, who would take charge of the sewing-room, and a general oversight of the house.

Mr. Bennett, a successful merchant, with a well deserved reputation for "judgmatical" benevolence, said that he thought he knew of the right person—a woman who had lived many years in his house as an upper servant, trusted and esteemed, but who now, finding herself less vigorous with advancing years, was talking of leaving his service and "keeping room" for herself. If she could be induced to accept the post she might be of some conscientious and intelligent help. It was decided to offer her a salary which would really be an inducement—one which would enable her to lay by a comfortable provision for old age. After a few more preliminaries of this kind had been settled, the question of the style of the amusement to be provided, and the general arrangements of the lower floor came under discussion, and here for the first time there seemed to be some danger that discord would creep in. Collingwood frankly stated his "views." He would have all the clap-trap gaudiness of the most gorgeous "saloon"—all that paint and gilding, fire and light, stained glass and glaring chromos could do to attract the attention of those whom they wished to draw in.

"I would have a negro minstrel entertainment at least once a week," he said, "and a 'hop' once a month or so. I would have a piano in the principal ground-floor room and a man hired to sing funny songs two or three evenings a week. Then from that we might work up to conjuring-shows and comic readings, and after a while to lectures on popular subjects, well prepared with jokes and anecdotes. I don't let my imagination carry me farther than that, just yet."

The discussion lasted long, and finally ended in a compromise. As the scheme was Collingwood's, he was to have his way for a month, and then, if a majority of the members should agree that the result justified his hopes, that the upward tendency, though ever so slight, was perceptible things should continue on the same basis; but if, on the contrary, advantage had been taken of the concession—if rowdiness and vulgarity seemed on the increase, the rougher amusements should be at once discontinued, at the risk of a loss of popularity. With this Collingwood was well content; he had little doubt

in his own mind as to the result, for, although he had never before had the opportunity so fully to test his theories, he had been "trying them on" in a quiet and unostentatious way upon many isolated cases, and those in which they had not worked were the exceptions.

Within two months of the night of this first meeting the house had been bought, put in thorough order throughout, and in a good deal more thorough order in the lower story. Gas-burners abounded; gilding and highly polished wood, paint and colored glass shone with bewildering gorgeousness. Chromos representing prairie-fires, volcanic eruptions, naval engagements, and noted heroes of fact and fiction, adorned every room, not excepting the kitchen. Curtains of brilliant red Canton flannel draped windows and principal doorways. Small tables and comfortable chairs filled the "bar-room," in one corner of which was a marble-topped counter, surmounted by a gorgeous soda-water fountain, while ranged upon shelves behind the counter were bottles of highly colored syrups, and rows of shining glasses and cups. A low-down grate, holding a glowing fire, made each room seem a center of comfort. The women's room was cosiness itself—a shaded kerosene lamp stood upon each of the sewing-tables, around each of which four or five comfortable sewing-chairs were grouped. A low couch ran around three sides of the room; this was an inspiration of Mrs. Collingwood's, and was for the use and benefit of such babies as could not be left at home."

"And I hope that'll be all of them!" said the little woman, fervently.

A small room opening from the sewing-room, and without other outlet, had, at Mrs. Hildreth's suggestion, and also at her expense, been fitted up with Kindergarten tables and chairs, blunt-pointed scissors and old newspapers, and a goodly company of cheap dolls. Here could be brought the children too young for school, and old enough for mischief, and a stout and rosy girl, of warranted good temper, recommended by Honora McBride, Mr. Bennett's *protégé*, was installed as keeper of this small beginning of a day-nursery. Biddy Connor had been living out as nurse-girl ever since she was old enough to be of any use, and she had a "way wid her," Honora said, which appealed to the most fractious children.

Hercules—whose everyday name was Jack Forbes—had arrived upon the scene the day previous to that fixed upon for the "opening," and had expressed himself highly gratified with all the arrangements. Comfortable lodging had been arranged for him in the one large garret-room which extended over the whole front part of the house, while Honora and Biddy had been provided with lodging-rooms at a respectable working-girls' boarding-house, only two blocks distant, on one of those small, quiet streets which so frequently traverse contrasting neighborhoods.

The arrangements had been made as quietly as possible, but the neighbors had not failed to note the coming and going of painters, carpenters, glaziers and paper-hangers, nor the appearance at doors and windows of stained glass and brilliant curtains. The better class feared, and the worse hoped, that a new and singularly gorgeous "saloon" was about to be opened, and both hopes and fears were confirmed when a large red-and-yellow placard appeared in each of the lower windows, with the following tempting announcement:

"Opening to-morrow night! A good supper given away to every customer! Bring your wives! Bring your children! Bring yourselves! All welcome!"

This was Collingwood's arrangement, and, in order to win the others over to consenting to it, he had been obliged to yield to the more conservative spirits and engage a dozen policemen in plain clothes to be in attendance in and around the building. To his sanguine spirit this seemed a needless absurdity, but he knew that the others had made more than one concession of judgment to his wishes, so he readily acquiesced in the proposal. It could do no harm, at any rate.

Most of the members had agreed to be "on hand" at the opening. They all felt curious to see how it would go off, and none of them were so confident of success as Collingwood was.

He declared that as soon as the "bar-room" was comfortably filled he intended to "make a speech," and the others assured him that they, at least, would be delighted to hear him.

One of the second-story rooms had been arranged as a reading room, with hastily gathered contributions of books and magazines, and two or three copies of each of the two most popular daily papers—among the respectable dailies. There were plenty of chairs, well-arranged lights, and a few small tables for chess, cards, and dominoes.

A curious crowd had gathered about the doors by the time every room was lighted and the building thrown open, and the bar-room was filled to overflowing in a very few minutes.

Collingwood lost no time about his speech. He knew that a call for liquor would come speedily, and he meant to forestall it.

He sprang upon the marble counter, narrowly missing a bumped head, for the ceiling was not high. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, in his full, round, pleasant voice, "before the festivities of the evening begin, I have a few words to say to you."

Various encouraging remarks to the effect that he might heave ahead if he'd cut it short arose from the crowd, and, when silence was restored, he went calmly on:

"I want every fellow here who can lay his hand on his heart and say that he, or his wife, or his children, have ever been the better for whisky to step forward and say it."

A dead silence followed.

"What, not one? Why that's first-rate! It seems you're all with me, and I thought I might have to talk some of you over! Boys, there's no whisky on these premises, and, with God's help, there never will be; but we mean to show you what jolly good times you can have without it! To-night it's a free show all through. I want you all to go all over the house, and see the reading-room, and the room for the nigger-minstrel shows, and hops, and the sewing-room for the wives, with its nice soft beds for the babies, and the play-room for the little kids, where their mothers may leave them safe all day while they go out to work for the money you great hulkers ought to be earning for them! Why have we done all this, perhaps you'll ask? Because a dozen of us, living right around here, are tired of seeing so many of you going to the dogs without a hand put out to save you; because we love our own wives and babies too well to look on any longer at what some of *your* wives and babies are suffering; because we want to help you take your rights as men—freedom from evil habits and your share of happiness and fun! Now, I hope there's nobody so ungentlemanly here as to raise a row, either this evening or any other time. If you must have your whisky, there are lots of soul-and-body-killers ready to sell it to you, for

five times what they pay for it, within a stone's throw of the door, only don't come back here after you've had it, or you may get into trouble! There's all the hot tea, and coffee, and chocolate you choose to call for; there's soda-water, with all sorts of syrups to flavor it; there's a good supper of bread, and butter, and cold meat for each of you, with a bowl of hot soup to settle it. After to-night all these things will be sold at a fair price—fair to you, that is—and if your wives and daughters want to learn how to make them, barring the soda-water, you know, they've only to come to the kitchen at certain hours of the day, and they shall be taught all they will learn. Understand this—we mean well by you straight through, and we mean to prove it! And now I'm ready to shake hands on that with all of you—one at a time, of course. I've a real politician's fist—first-rate grip in it—so come on!"

He sprang from the counter and stood with outstretched hands, his fine face, flushed with the effort he had made, beaming with good will. Nearly every man in the room, and not a few of the women, tried his "politician's grip," but a few muttered and grumbled, and made for the door. Nothing was said or done to detain them, and the good-humored crowd that remained scattered over the house gathering finally in the lecture-room. Here they were regaled with a first-rate "minstrel" performance, and then after a little more eating and drinking they quietly dispersed. Only one policeman had been obliged to reveal his star, and the two belligerent "gentlemen" to whom the revelation had been made had shortly afterward vanished into the night.

No amount of insinuations that "one swallow does not make a summer" could quench Collingwood's triumph. He insisted that it is always the first step which costs—that the announcement that no liquor would be sold on the premises was the touchstone; if that had been so well received, they had little or no fear of the future. And, in the main, he was right. How much of this victory for law and order was due to the presence of Hercules could not be positively stated, but Mr. Bennett, at a meeting of the club which took place shortly after the opening night, reported a conversation between two Irish day-laborers which he had chanced to hear in a street car that morning.

"And did you thry calling for the whisky?" asked one.

"An' did I try it?" said the other. "I took a glass or two at the ould place around the corner, and says I, 'It's not me you'll get to belave you've nothing here stronger than coffee and sody-water, so I'll take a glass of whisky, and you'll be quick about it!' That young man, you mind, that tinds the bar, he says, very peaceable and pleasant like, 'It's the honest truth, my friend; but you'll find the coffee first-rate.' You may be certain that angered me somewhat, and I was just doubling me fist to punch the head of him, when be the powers, he comes out from behind the bar, and he lifts me up nately in one hand be the scruff of me neck and he drops me out of the door, as I might be one of them black beetles the wife's always at war wid, and I was down on the flat of me back wid all of the weight that was in me before you'd count tin—or five itself."

The circulation of this story had an evident effect. If the men became at all rude or boisterous a hint from Hercules was generally sufficient to restore order.

At the end of the month the other members of the club were entirely won over to Collingwood's "views." He had been indefatigable in collecting evidence, and this he triumphantly laid before the meeting. The attendance at the nearest variety theatre had fallen off sufficiently to greatly annoy the proprietor. One of the liquor-saloons in the immediate neighborhood had been sold out by the sheriff, and another was about to change hands. There had been fewer arrests for disorderly conduct in the month just past than in any previous month for several years in their ward. Several men who began by coming only when some special entertainment was on hand now came nearly every evening, generally bringing their wives and children with them. The reading-room was filled every evening now, although at first the average attendance there was less than a dozen a night.

Twice a week Dr. Marston's kindly face shone there; he seemed to divine the troubles and temptations which made life such hard work for the men he met there, and he was gradually winning both affection and confidence. But the most marked and striking encouragement came from the women's department. The cooking-teacher had her hands full; Honora was kept busy with sewing-lessons, and Biddy rivaled the "old woman who lived in a shoe," without, however, resorting to the summary measures employed by that historical dame.

The running expenses of the establishment were surprisingly small, and, under judicious and more experienced management, were daily lessening. The demand for everything sold in the restaurant was so great, and increased so rapidly, that the buying of supplies could now be done upon a very large scale. The servants, engaged upon Honora's recommendation, were honest and faithful, and seemed really interested in the work going on around them. That there was no friction, that all "the wheels went round" in proper time and place without hitch or variation, would be too much to say, but the outlook, in the main, was truly encouraging. Up to the evening in question, a month from the opening-day, Dr. Moore had been neither seen nor heard from; on that evening he walked suddenly in, and, advancing to Collingwood, tendered the latter his hat with a whimsical grimace and the remark:

"There's no fool like an old fool! Here's my hat, young man; I give it to you freely! I hope I'm able to see when I've made a mistake, and man enough to own up when I've been wrong."

From that time he was one of the most useful and valuable members, his large practice among the poor enabling him to give the club many a useful hint.

We are so used to the miracle of the mighty tree sprung from the little seed that we scarcely give it a passing thought; there are other miracles of a like nature waiting all about us for the planting of the seed.

"No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby—
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand round the Throne,
And look into the face which make glorious their own.
Know this surely at last—honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for to-day, honest hope for to-morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hands they make weary,
The hearts they have saddened, the lives they leave dreary?
Hush! The sevenfold Heaven to the voice of the Spirit
Echoes, 'He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!'"

MIGMA

The Thousand Dollar Prize.

So far as we know the offer made in connection with the "Too True for Fiction" series on page 619 is entirely unique. It is a lottery in which one may get a ticket for nothing since the year's subscription is worth all it costs, and the exercise of literary judgment and observation in making the several guesses will, of itself, constitute a valuable training. We have no idea how many competitors there will be, nor how many of them will be successful, and we have purposely arranged it so that we can have no interest in it. If there is but one competitor, and that one is successful, he will receive the entire one thousand dollars. If there are one thousand competitors, and they are all successful, they will receive one dollar each. In either case we shall pay out the same sum. The third condition is prescribed simply that we may protect ourselves, should there not be a likelihood of enough competition to justify us in holding the chance open. In that case we would, of course, withdraw the offer, and restrict the competition to those who had already entered, trusting that none of them might be successful. Judging from the results of the guesses already received we think there will be a great many competitors and a limited number of successful ones. We should not be surprised if one person got the whole thousand dollars, nor would we be surprised if one hundred received ten dollars a piece. Old subscribers will, perhaps, think they should be allowed to compete on an equality with new ones. A moment's thought will show them that the very purpose of this offer is to extend our list. Their only chance to come in is to send us a new subscription from some one who does not care to compete or who will not join them in the competition. It is a competition in which it is impossible to weigh the chances of success. Judging from our experience some boy or girl stands as good a chance of winning as the most accomplished literateur.

Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope.

IN the death of Charles Reade English literature has lost another honest nature. Candid, fearless and of the highest and purest impulses, whatever may have been his faults of temper or defects of reasoning, the influence of Charles Reade upon the moral and intellectual life of the Anglo-Saxon race was always of an elevating and purifying character. Much as we are inclined to depreciate the virtues and excellencies of our contemporaries, and strong as has become our modern impulse to regard the present as an age of insincerity and impurity, it is well for us to remember that moral, intellectual integrity and that exalted purity of motive which characterized not only the lives but the work of those two great English novelists who have lately gone over to the majority—Anthony Trollope and Charles Reade. Both of these men were animated by that high self-respectfulness which impels a man always to do his best. They produced a great deal, yet neither of them wrote rapidly or without careful preparation. Each of them studied his characters from life. They had little or no sympathy with that whining whimsicality which bemoans the weakness and littleness of to-day and can content itself only with renewing the worship of the past. Their hearts were always open to the evils and burdens of our modern life. They reached out their

hands to the suffering and down-trodden. They appreciated the manhood that labors and wins. They realized the new birth which distinguishes the modern from the ancient world by which the highest manhood is impelled to attest its superiority by a self-forgetful love for man. The one revived and idealized the characters of modern life as a calm, appreciative observer; the other with the hot, burning zeal of a reformer. The novels of Trollope tend to the elevation of his fellows by depicting in a pleasant and attractive manner the kindlier, tenderer, better elements of our modern life. None of his characters are thoroughly repulsive. He was no Zola reveling in filth for its own sake, or dragging evil unnecessarily before the reader's view.

There are few, indeed, of his characters whom we would not have been glad to have known in the flesh. Their joys and sorrows, trials and triumphs, are those which befall every-day men and women whom we meet in life. They come home to every reader as being the very things which might have happened to him in like circumstances. The life which he portrays is an honest, manly reproduction of that life which was about him. The work may be full of defects, it may lack something of the flashing fire of genius, but it takes hold of the heart, catches the sympathy of the reader and makes his own life better. His influence as a novelist has been of a healthful, inspiring character. There is a flavor of hopefulness, a relish for that which is good, an appreciation of the better elements even of the worst classes of the characters which he portrays, which elevates rather than debases the reader. Because of this Anthony Trollope has become not merely an honored but a loved name in literature. His pictures of home life have made many homes better. His portrayal of evil is always tinged with regret at its existence. His onslaught upon wrong is never fierce and sweeping, but always sympathetic and kindly. Not one word that he has written, not one character that he has portrayed, has any tendency to destroy hope, to degrade humanity, to make the present or the future worse.

Reade, upon the other hand, came with a flashing sword. He was a knightly champion for the truth and right as he believed it to be. He hated oppression with an undying rancor. His pity for the sufferer transformed itself into an angry remonstrance against evil. He painted everything with deep, strong colors, and with sharp, clear lines. There is no mistaking his purpose or his feeling. Every character that he has outlined has been as sharp and clear as a marble statue. He has not dissected the hearts of men, but he has put on their natures and painted himself in their lives. His men and women are all stamped with his own individuality. While he has studied their surroundings with the minutest care, while he has painted scenes which he never beheld with an accuracy that brings them before the reader's eye as clear as the landscape which surrounds him, while he rarely mistakes the environments and outward life of his characters, their inward life is copied directly from his own intense and burning individuality. He does not ask himself how have such and such characters borne themselves under certain circumstances, but how would I bear myself were I in his place. Because of this, the sympathy which the reader feels for his characters is of a much more intense and vigorous nature than that which Mr. Trollope's personations awaken.

At the same time there is a strange likeness between them. Manliness, honor, truth are depicted by Reade with an intensity of admiration that burns up the grosser parts, and leaves only the purer elements of the character, however debased, standing out for our admiration, pity or love. His appreciation of manly virtue was so high and keen that it took little account of its accompaniments, and threw into the background whatever might obstruct the reader's view of it. While he never hesitated to paint vice in the most realistic colors, while almost all his backgrounds are of the most woful darkness, yet in the foreground always shines brightly some noble virtue. Unlike Trollope, he was not attracted by the mere faults and foibles of humanity. The follies, the weaknesses and the virtues of what may be termed the better classes interested him but little. They were too weak and common to attract his genius. Crime, darkness, evil half-redeemed by a ray of light, virtue overweighted with suffering, borne down with temptation, seemingly overwhelmed by the hopeless burden of untoward fate, these were the subjects which he chose. The poor that were human in spite of poverty, the depraved that yet felt some throb of virtue, the outwardly noble but inwardly corrupt, the high that stooped to do evil, or the lowly that sought to do good, these were the types that he loved to portray. As bold in his treatment as the most zealous of the realistic school, his innate uprightness of purpose and nobility of soul kept him from yielding to any debasement of his art. He recognized the underlying truth of all artistic production, that its highest purpose is to teach a noble lesson. He did not become nor seek to become the leader of any of those movements which are known as great reforms. He did not debase his art to become a mere instrumentality. He consecrated it always to a higher and nobler purpose, and painted evil as a thing to be cured and virtue as a thing to be loved and nourished. Both of these men are accounted, and properly so no doubt, as among the secondary novelists of fictitious literature. They did not have the marvelous opportunity which Scott so wonderfully improved, nor the masterful power of portraying a single character that marked the work of Dickens. Both were singularly devoid of humor. The wit of the one was modeled on that of the school-girl. The sarcasm of the other colored all his characters. Their defects of method were so apparent that tyros sneered at their power. Yet there are few, if any, writers of this generation that have left a stronger impress upon English fiction, and none that have done more to build up and strengthen that peculiar manliness and womanliness which will forever constitute a crowning glory of all English-speaking peoples.

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THE beauty of the ticket, Lincoln and Hawley, is that each name mutually braces and strengthens the other, and neither would cause the loss of ten votes in the whole country. Their selection is an absolute guarantee of the full party strength in every precinct of every state. To this should be added the further consideration that each is a man of great personal popularity, and possesses the esteem and confidence of all men of all parties. With that ticket every Northern state would be secure, with the chances good for regaining at least one of the states of the "too, too solid" South. With any other ticket that has been named, from one to four of the leading states of the North must be counted as doubtful.



THE controversy which Mr. Grant White inaugurates in the "Open Letters" of the *April Century* will awaken fresh interest in the two volumes¹ in which Professor Frédéric Louis Ritter has recorded the story of music in its English and American development. It must be admitted in the beginning, that strong as the impulse is to contradict the rather aggressively pert assertions of Mr. White, that he is in the main justified in his statement that he has refused to write any history of music in America for two reasons, which shall be given in his own words: "First, that I was already committed to the assertion that there is no such thing as American music, nor, indeed, such a thing as English music, since the days of Henry Purcell; and second and last, that there were no efforts in musical composition and no public performances here worthy of historical record or critical examination until the beginning of this century; since which time what has been done here publicly is mere repetition of what had been done before in Europe, the performers as well as the music being in both cases European. The subject must necessarily prove somewhat like that of the snakes in Ireland." Admitting the justice of this statement, there is still ample material for the story of church and ballad music in England, the only two forms in which Dr. Ritter admits that any creative work has been done. The volume on "Music in England" is given really as a necessary introduction to the work on American music, and in his anxiety to show how little real musical spirit has ever entered into the English-speaking race, Dr. Ritter ignores much excellent English work, making little or no mention of the many oratorios, symphonies, cantatas and operas which have had birth on English soil. Passing from this sketch to the American volume, one finds a carefully written chapter on American psalmody, and though Mr. White insists that this was "about as much in place in the history of musical art as a critical discussion of the whooping of Indians would be, or as a description of the battles of kites and crows in a history of the art of war, not because their labors were simple and unpretentious, but because they were the development of no germ, and themselves produced no fruit, except some chorus material," the general reader will find great entertainment in the sketches of individual "singing-masters" and composers. That of William Billings, a tanner, of stentorian voice, who had but one eye, and consoled himself for his lameness and various misfortunes by continuous snuff-taking, intermitted only as he chalked down his tunes on sides of leather, is one of the most amusing, but its interest is purely antiquarian. No amount of investigation will ever bring to light a fact going to prove that the origin of the music of to-day may be traced back to such a source, its derivation having been actually from England and other foreign sources.

The history of the early performances of oratorio, as well as that of music for orchestra is fully written, and the Philharmonic Society of New York and the Handel

(1) MUSIC IN ENGLAND. By Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter. 12mo. pp. viii., 231, \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MUSIC IN AMERICA. By Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter. 12mo. pp. xiv., 423, \$2.00. The same.

and Hayden of Boston, as well as the old Germania orchestra have ample and appreciative mention; but it would seem that the last thirty years of musical work in America have been either unnoted, or purposely ignored. Nothing in the latter portion of the volume is more confounding than the utter silence as to the work and influence of the one man who has done most to awaken the musical spirit—Theodore Thomas. How Dr. Ritter has successfully avoided any mention of the strongest force in the formation of public taste is a puzzle. He writes freely and fully of Bergmann, who lacked some of the most essential traits of a good conductor, but has barely a word for the man whose qualifications have been admirably summed up in a recent article on music. Even during Bergmann's time, "Thomas had discovered that the only way to success is to give the very best possible performance of the very best existing music, and we soon had programmes of unexampled richness interpreted by an orchestra such as few of us had ever heard before. Thomas's personal character was an important factor in the experiment. He is a resolute, emphatic, independent, courageous man, with a long head, cool judgment, and extraordinary control over his players and singers. His understanding of an orchestra is almost an instinct; his reading of a musical composition is what Wagner calls clairvoyant; and his playing—for he truly plays upon the players—is distinguished for splendor, magnetism, and poetical feeling. He is not only the greatest conductor we have had in America, but he is one of the few really great conductors of the nineteenth century." In the face of such accomplishment, all that Dr. Ritter can find to say is: "Thomas's labors in spreading a taste for orchestra music are now well recognized." Nothing could be truer, but the recognition is everywhere save in the book which should have given it most fully and appreciatively. He is almost equally at fault in his failure to notice many other musicians who have done excellent work, and the only conclusion must be, either that some motive only to be guessed by the reader, or the fact that his birth and training unfit him for the comprehensive knowledge and judgment necessary in such a work, have stood in the way. Admirable as the volumes are in some points, they leave the real history of Music in America still to be written, while a revised edition of the present one will be necessary to correct the many blunders, inevitable perhaps, when the author's nationality is considered.

DR. SCHLIEMANN and his indefatigable wife left Athens the middle of March for Tiryns in the "Peloponnesus," to superintend explorations on that ancient site, and thus accumulate material for another volume.

MISS DORA WHEELER's popularity as a designer of Christmas cards is still at its height, and she has just completed for Prang & Co. a design for the coming season. Two other notable cards are in preparation, both by Benjamin Champney, one representing Spring, the other Fall.

ONE of the most attractive and useful of the minor magazines is *The Cottage Hearth*, in which every phase of workaday life, out-door and in, has pleasant and suggestive treatment; the department of inexpensive house decoration, and of the culture of flowers, being of especial service.

THE Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon for 1883 attained a circulation of 60,000 copies, and as its pages contain the fullest and most complete graphic record of the artistic productions of the world, and its

popularity increases steadily, the issue for 1884 has been made up in the same form, its price being a merely nominal one. (1 vol., 8vo, stitched, \$1.25; J. W. Bouton, New York.)

THE fifth volume of the popular "Surgeon's Stories," issued by Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, is nearly ready under the title of "Times of Linnæus," the volume presenting a picture of Swedish life and society in the times shortly preceding the famous Gustavian period, which witnessed so remarkable an awakening in science, art and literature; and the "Life of Liszt," another of Nohl's "Biographies of Musicians," is also in preparation.

"CECIL'S SUMMER," by C. B. Hollis, is a simply told and agreeable little story of a young girl's effort to do good in the place where she found herself for a summer among the hills. It is intended for girls, and can be commended even if not especially sparkling, or with any pronounced attraction save its gentle and quiet tone, but 'this is much, in a day when sensationalism is often the chief consideration even in work for the young. (16mo, pp. 286, \$1.25; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

MR. MATURIN M. BALLOU travels "Due West" in a sedate and handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages, in which is described all that his eyes saw in a ten months' progress around the world. His observation is good, but his capacity for expression limited. There is not a gleam of humor in the pages, and the book is simply a trustworthy and admirable guide-book, which can by no chance be considered an addition to the real literature of travel. (12mo, pp. 387, \$1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"THE MANHATTAN" recently contained an exceedingly spirited poem on El Mahdi, by Miss Edna Dean Proctor, which has so charmed the poet Whittier that he writes: "It is the most spirited poem I have read for years. The wild wind of the desert blows through it, the fierce sun of the tropics blazes on it. And it is admirable in keeping. As one reads, the wild hordes, splendid in color, barbaric in their half-nakedness, their lean, dark faces ablaze with fanatic fury, are seen sweeping across the burning wastes of the Soudan. The whole strange and terrible romance of the Moslem uprising is condensed in its vigorous and picturesque lines."

Two valuable books are in the press of S. C. Griggs & Co. of Chicago. The first a volume by Professor Alexander Winchell, the author of "World Life," and other contributions to geological science, under the title of "Geological Excursions; or, The Rudiments of Geology for Young Learners," being intended as an elementary text-book for our public schools. The second is a new and greatly enlarged edition of "Words; Their Use and Abuse," by Prof. Wm. Mathews, LL. D. Much new and valuable material has been collected by Prof. Mathews from among the great libraries of Europe, where he has spent the past two years in study, with special reference to the perfecting of this work.

THE agitation over "Cape Cod Folks" still continues, and Mr. Cupples has lately described their characteristics in words even more uncompromising than those of the unlucky author. "They are fond of money, but the majority will neither work for it nor save it. They are shrewd at a bargain, and have driven some hard ones with us; but they are easily taken in by the various adventurers who have followed in the train of the new notoriety, of which, by-the-way, they are rather proud. It is impossible to get many of them to talk for five minutes together of anything but their grief and 'the book.' Yet I never saw any indignation not manufactured, have known men and women to almost cry that they were not mentioned, or could not be paid for dead relatives who were.

There are minors whose parents want something in addition for themselves. Then there are, of course, the fictitious characters. Take such a character as Lynde Gurney (called Turner in the altered editions), not very reputable, if you remember it. Yet we occasionally have a man who wants to make money by fitting the character to himself."

THE neat little reprint of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," by S. Baring-Gould, will be as welcome as the larger volume. In it he has given the fruits of wide research, the results of which will long deserve place upon the library-table. The ordinary reader will value it for its general interest, while it is invaluable to the student as a work of reference. In a small compass is traced the history of sixteen leading medieval myths, including the "Wandering Jew," "St. George," "Melusina," "The Fortunate Isles," etc., with numerous valuable quotations and references. The condensed form in which they appear does not serve to obscure the wealth of learning which has been employed in collecting them, or the interesting manner in which the stories are told. (18mo, pp. 272, 30 cents; John B. Alden.)

THE reader who, in "Indian Idylls," looks for the same charm that filled "The Light of Asia," will be disappointed. It is there, but in far less degree. The eight poems which make up the volume have been chosen from the epic of the Mahābhārata, one of the two colossal poems of Indian literature of which Mr. Arnold writes: "The stories, songs and ballads, the histories and genealogies, the nursery tales and religious discourses, the art, the learning, the philosophy, the creeds, the moralities, the modes of thought, the very phrases, sayings, turns of expression, and daily ideas of the Hindu people, are taken from these poems. Their children and their wives are named out of them; so are their cities, temples, streets, and cattle. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible—generation after generation—for all the succeeding and countless millions of Indian people; and it replaces patriotism with that race, and stands instead of nationality to possess these two precious and inexhaustible books, and to drink from them as from mighty and overflowing rivers." Various translations have from time to time been made, but with the exception of certain passages of the "Sāvitrī" and the "Nala and Damayanti," translated many years ago by Dean Milman, the poems in the present volume are new to English literature. The spirit of renunciation, of aspiration and deep religious feeling that filled "The Light of Asia," lives here also; a morality and an ideal that can hardly be excelled by the highest utterances of Christianity, and if there is less of the fascination that filled the earlier volume, there is fully enough to repay more than one reading of the careful and polished verse. (16mo, pp. 318, \$1.00; Roberts Bros., Boston.)

IN "English Rambles and Other Fugitive Pieces in Prose and Verse," William Winter's facile pen exhibits the same finished style, the same poetic sadness and introspection which not only marked his companion volume, the "Trip to England," but everything he has written. The ten chapters which form half of the volume were first printed in the *Tribune*, with which Mr. Winter has long been connected. In these we have not a statistical guide-book, but a loving transcript of the impressions of England's historic and literary associations as well as its tranquil rural beauty, upon a mind sensitively prepared to receive and reproduce their loveliness and power. Mr. Winter has well been called a second Irving. He has similar tendencies to seize upon those elusive glimpses which reveal the inner meaning of the scene or the theme, the same gentle pensiveness, the same faculty of fixing our attention upon those storied scenes toward

which even the most stolid American traveler must certainly be attracted. And not even Irving has a choicer diction or more careful artistic form. Such literary work as this shows the finish to which the best current literature is carried. The clever man of letters finds his true work in contributions to the paper and the magazine such as a few years since had no place outside the lids of few books. And while these fine pen-pictures of our mother-country will be read by those who wish to refresh their memories of scenes and events before they traverse the little island which holds so much for us, they will also be greatly enjoyed for their peculiar charm of style and gentleness of sentiment. The latter portion of the book is taken up with poems by Mr. Winter which have been hitherto uncollected. They are dainty and musical enough, but have hardly the value of the prose introduction. (16mo, pp. 173, \$1.50; James R. Osgood.)

RECOGNITION of the patient and painstaking German intellect has come to be well-nigh proverbial among us. Meanwhile we seem scarcely to be conscious that Americans are (in the eyes of foreigners at least) notably the most patient people in the world! This has, perhaps, chiefly been manifest heretofore in conflict with the difficulties of a new country and in the endurance of poor administration of divers affairs. But if any one is induced to think that this quality is not to find expression in our intellectual life let him carefully go over the two ponderous volumes of Ladd's "The Doctrine of the Sacred Scripture." The work is well denominated by the author "A Critical, Historical and Dogmatical Inquiry into the Origin and Nature of the Old and New Testaments"; and certainly the inquiry has been prosecuted with a degree of learning, patience, candor and thoroughness that challenges respect and admiration. The task which Professor Ladd has undertaken is a hard one indeed, but one that rises in importance above most ordinary duties, and one that must be faced by this generation of theologians. The author has given a thoughtful book for theologians, and no minister, especially who could afford it, should be without it; for in one form or other the problems here considered must be met in the form and phrasing of popular thinking among the mass of intelligent people. It is, of course, difficult, in the brief space which our limits allow to such a work, to do justice to Professor Ladd's position, but in a few words it may be said that he holds a place between the traditional view of the infallibility of the Scriptures and the naturalistic and rationalistic view of the same. The radiating centers or ganglia of his theory seem to be these: The Scriptures contain the Word of God, but are not wholly such, and the duty and responsibility of determining that true Word, which is obligatory upon all human souls, belongs to the religious consciousness of believers, assisted, of course, by all the lights of criticism. Of the Old Testament a goodly portion cannot be identified with the Word of God, but the New Testament, on the contrary, may be accepted in its entirety (or nearly so) as the divine and authoritative Word. The common center around which inspiration has developed, and around which all true theology must crystallize, is the CHRIST—that is, in technical phrase, the author's position is Christocentric, and herein, at least, he will carry the sympathy of all believers. As to the main positions taken they will continue to be, as they have been, the subject of sharp disapprobation, serious suspicion, cautious tolerance and cordial consent, until further light and wider discussion shall bring about (if so it may ever be) a consensus of theological opinion, not only on the nature of Inspiration, but as to the character of the Bible itself. The earnest, reverent believing, spiritual tone which marks this truly meritorious work at every page should not be without mention in such a notice as this. (Vols. I.-II.; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893.)



THE following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published:

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the number of the query, and not to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.
- 6—The bracketed figures refer to the number of the original question to which the context is an answer.

(Continued from No. 111.)

Questions.

153—In that delightful story "Dorcas," which has so fascinated all your readers, the oracle is made to say, "*Certum est Imperatorum Maxentium, super esse Constantinum.*" Is this good Latin? I am a bit rusty in my classics, but I do not think the verb "*super esse*" can take an object accusative. F. H.

This criticism having been forwarded to the author of "Dorcas," brought the following by return mail:

"I do not pretend to be a critic of Latin composition, and if your readers will swallow my communicative camel with a good grace, they may strain out as many gnats of syntax, either Latin or English, as they please. The fact was always notorious at Rome that the oracles did not utter elegant Latin. I suppose the reason to have been that the grammarians regarded "ambiguity" as a vice in composition, but this ambiguity was exactly the thing for which the oracles sought. The following extract from Zumpt's Latin Grammar (edited by Prof. Charles Anthon) might serve as a comment on the above criticism:

"When the use of an infinitive active would bring two accusatives together, one of the subject and the other of the object, and an ambiguity would be likely to arise, it is the rule to prefer the passive construction, by which the accusative of the object becomes the subject, and the other is avoided or explained by the preposition *ab* or *per*. *Ne fando quidem auditum est, crocodillum aut ibi aut folem violatum esse ab Egyptio.* If we should say *crocodillum violasse Egyptum*, there would certainly be a great ambiguity."—Zumpt's L. G., p. 225, §606, n. 2.

But this ambiguity, which often accompanies the use of the infinitive active and two accusatives, and is therefore censurable as a matter of literary taste, is just what the oracles wanted, and is the construction they designedly used. As to the suggestion that the verb "*super esse*" cannot have an object accusative, let the same authority speak:

"Intransitive verbs which imply motion . . . and nouns which imply being in a place, acquire transitive meaning by being compounded with a preposition, and accordingly govern the accusative. This, however, is generally the case only in verbs compounded with the prepositions *circum*, *per*, *præter*,

trans and *super*, and in those compound words which have acquired a figurative meaning."—*Ibid.*, p. 173, §386.

154—Is there any basis of fact to sustain the claims of Virginian First Families, to a noble ancestry? F. F. V

Yes, many of their ancestors were noble, in the true sense of the word, though perhaps not in the sense of having been born aristocrats in the mother country. There are base rumors of there having been a penal colony on the "sacred soil" in early times, but let that pass; to expatiate on this point might involve the editor in personal difficulties with living Virginians. He is able, however, to refer to a recent article in *Macmillan's Magazine* from which he may be permitted to quote without personal offense:

"There is nothing in the earlier records of the colony, in the names of the first settlers, to lead one to suppose that the colonial aristocracy which arose with the development of the country and the adoption of negro slavery was of any other than colonial manufacture. There is no trace of any persons of title in lists of Vestrymen and Burgesses that marked the most influential colonists of those days. Nearly all of these names have an ordinary middle-class ring about them, such as are to be seen on similar, but much better kept, records of Massachusetts or Connecticut. But English nomenclature for the average Virginian would have no significance, even if he took the trouble to inform himself accurately as to the early history of the colony, of which he generally knows very little. So the cavalier and the British nobleman flourish in a hazy and picturesque fashion at the root of every Virginian's family tree. No matter if he is only the third of his race that anybody in the State, himself included, can at all identify, there is always the national "Adam" to be depended upon in the far away background—the cavalier of Southern fancy—a gentleman upon a prancing steed, with flowing locks and nodding feather, ruffling in lace, and bolling over with chivalry. He, at any rate, is always there, ready for unknowing foreigners and sentimental American romancists. No doubt many royalists came to Virginia; it was a Church of England colony, and a vulgar error, not by any means confined to Virginia, forgets the yeomanry common folk that formed the bulk of the royalist army, in its social estimate of the cavalier, just as it is apt to forget the men of birth and consideration that were found upon the other; but the gradual establishment of a colonial aristocracy toward the end of the seventeenth century, if it contained the children of a few younger sons of English country squires, it was because these latter had shown themselves able to cope with the merchants, traders and yeomen in the battle of life.

155—[146]—We have numerous letters from various quarters offering the books enumerated in answer to query No. 146 at prices lower than therein specified. We published, of course, the regular retail prices. Most dealers can afford to undersell these, but it would not be proper for us to announce their business cards in this department.

156—I observe that you misuse the word "*humanitarian*," in THE CONTINENT for April 2, in the "Migma," second column, first page, if our leading dictionaries are correct. Please state in THE CONTINENT what authority there is for this so common use (or misuse) of the word. You use it in the same way in the "Fool's Errand." If you have been wrong, please help in THE CONTINENT to correct so common an error. Spiceland, Ind. L. ESTES.

We have before had occasion to pay our compliments to the humanitarians, and admitted that while all the dictionaries gave the word its doctrinal meaning, popular usage was rapidly making humanitarianism synonymous with philanthropy. Since the last reference to it, the latest English authority, namely "The Imperial Dictionary," gives philanthropist as the first definition of humanitarian. This is, perhaps, the latest and most striking instance of the way in which new meanings are insensibly attached to words by the inexorable power of popular usage. New words are coined, and forced into the dictionaries, in the same way; and, no doubt, the process

will continue indefinitely, until language is harmonized and the world confederated under a common tongue.

157—Will you please answer this puzzle? H. W. B.

(And here our correspondent has cut out and pasted the heading of the Notes and Queries department.)

We are sorry not to accommodate H. W. B.; but, really, we had the device drawn on purpose to puzzle people, including ourselves, and we take much satisfaction in keeping up the mystery. We believe it is intended to be Latin; it is certainly in the clouds, and rather mixed at that, while the interrogation point dominates the whole. We are pleased to find that it serves its purpose of making people ask questions.

158—Was Israel Putnam plowing with horses or oxen when he received the news of the battle of Lexington?
Springfield, Mass. FRED C. WRIGHT.

This is a question which Notes and Queries cannot answer with any degree of confidence, since authorities differ. Perhaps some resident of Pomfret, Conn., where the Putnam legends are preserved, can cite trustworthy authority.

159—Can you tell me where I can find a copy of the "Buccaneer," and other poems by Richard Henry Dana. A. M. W.

Mr. Dana's works are out of print, and can only be found in libraries, or picked up by chance from dealers. They eminently deserve a better fate, and perhaps the publication of Mr. Cheney's admirable essays in *THE CONTINENT* will create a demand that will justify a republication of those delightful works.

160—[152]—O. A. K. will find the poem "On the Shores of Tennessee" in the Fifth Analytical Reader. The author's name, as there given, is E. L. Beers. A. M. W.

161—Wanted, the author of the following quotation: L. E. S.

"Once in an age, a mind appears
That seems by heaven ordained
To gather in the thoughts of years
And show to man what man has gained."

L. E. S. will find the other quotation in Bishop Berkley's works.

162—B. K. M.'s *jeu d'esprit* on the "whiffle-tree," as quoted from *Puck* in *THE CONTINENT* of March 19th, has brought us the following:

The true name of the "whiffle-tree," and the one preferred by both Webster and Worcester, is "swingle-tree." I respectfully beg the privilege of setting B. K. M. right in this particular.

Now, according to my understanding, the tree inquired after by the loving Cornelia is one that grows in great profusion in the forests of Maine and New Hampshire, and also on the Green Mountains in Vermont, and received its name, *swingle-tree*, in this wise.

In ye olden time, before factories were so numerous, the irrepressible Yankees cultivated flax, from which they fabricated the habiliments of not only the men and boys, but of their blooming wives and daughters. This flax, after it was grown, needed much preparation before it was fitted for the purpose intended. In the first place it must be carefully spread, till by exposure to the dews of Heaven, and alternate sunshine, the haulm becomes brittle or "rotted," as it is termed, and can be easily separated from the fibrous portion, which alone is of any value. After the rotting process is completed, certain implements are required in the separating process, to wit: first, a break, which, as it has nothing to do with the subject in hand, I will not take the trouble to describe; but next, to dislodge the broken haulm from the flax proper, a swingle-board and a swingle-knife were required; and the latter of these is what gave the name to this wonderful tree. This swingle or swingle-knife, a stout flattened stick of peculiar shape, about two and a half feet in length, was best made of the hardest, toughest and heaviest kind of wood; and, by trying different varieties, a tree was finally found that grows a little larger than the dogwood,

and whose timber, in hardness and density, is about a fair cross between the hard-hack or iron-wood and the *lignum-vitæ*.

From this, at that time newly discovered tree, such efficient and durable swingle-knives were made, that it soon obtained the name of "swingle-tree," by which it has since been known.

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163—1. On whose tomb was this inscribed: "Here lies the Hammer of the Scottish nation"? 2. What great man said: "If you would be distinguished, let it be by your wits, not by your garments"? J. W. D.

164—[95]—"Ye editor" failed to search far enough by declaring that the dictionaries do not recognize the word "Telegrapher." It will be found in the supplement to Webster, edition of 1890, and, doubtless, those subsequent, although I have none later at hand. In making this correction I shall have earned the gratitude of your correspondent J. E. P., and find myself blushing already in anticipation of voluminous thanks; but even that, with the added rapture of catching ye editor "out," is secondary to a desire to call the attention of our language-doctors to the class of words to which Telegrapher belongs, viz.: Nouns, indicating industrial callings, formerly all of masculine gender, because formerly given over to the male sex, but now of neuter, or common, gender, because females have largely entered into the precincts. The terminations *er* and *ist* have, doubtless, the same significance, except that *er* is, perhaps, by common usage the more pronounced masculine of the two. If so, then it is the more erroneous form of the two; but *ist* is also, by common usage, a masculine, only less pronounced than the other. Under existing conditions both are, if not incorrect, at least insufficient, inasmuch as they do not express a complete idea. Who will build the first monument to social reform by giving it fixity in familiar speech? E. W. C.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

[Others write to the same effect, and "ye editor" admits that he failed to search the supplement.]

165—The readers of *THE CONTINENT* have not altogether recovered from the effects of the "Krao" portrait, published February 20. Will you please, by some additional word, let us know whether that picture is a hoax, or whether "Krao" herself is a delusion. F. W. B.

With the request comes a long newspaper clipping which tends to throw discredit on the whole affair. Our correspondent states that it is from the pen of a Lutheran clergymen. We repeat our statement that our portrait was copied from an English photograph, and we have conversed with persons who have seen Krao, and certify as to the correctness of the picture. The facts in the case probably are that Krao is a monstrosity, whatever her parentage, such as occasionally make their appearance in life for reasons which thus far defy investigation. Every medical museum has specimens as strange, and many medical works record cases which are equally startling.

166—A rhyme has been running in my head like the following.

... "In meadows or plain
Fills the valleys and—places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."

Can you complete the lines and give author's name? H. T. C.
The lines are by Swinburne, and the complete stanza is:

"When the bounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."

167—[125]—A reader says: "In New England tomatoes were not used for food as late as 1836." In September, 1833, I saw tomatoes in the garden of Rev. Waller Follett, of Southboro', Mass., and ate them cooked at his table. Before that time they were used in the family of Hon. Tho. H. Palmer, of Pittsford, Vermont.

Denmark, Iowa.

Mrs. E. Y. SWIFT.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.

April 1.—A destructive tornado visited parts of Ohio, Indiana, and North Carolina. Oakville, Ind., was entirely destroyed, and five persons were killed.

April 2.—Members of all the political parties in Minnesota met in Minneapolis and organized a "Minnesota State Free Trade League." The membership includes some of the most prominent party men.—The vote for Governor of Rhode Island was as follows: Bourne (Rep.), 15,903; Segar (Dem.), 9,599; scattering, 15.—Mr. Edmund Yates, the editor of the *London World*, has been condemned to four months' in prison for libeling the Earl of Lonsdale.—A fire in Paternoster Row, London, endangered many of the great publishing houses. The Religious Tract Society's building and the buildings adjacent were burned.

April 3.—The bill requiring that in New York and Brooklyn all telegraph, telephone, and electric-light wires and cables be laid under ground before November, 1895, was passed by the state Senate.—The White Cross steamer *Daniel Steinmann*, from Antwerp for New York, was wrecked during a thick fog and storm upon shoals off Sambro Island, Nova Scotia. Five of the crew and two passengers reached the island in a boat, and the captain and a boy were subsequently rescued. The rest of the passengers and crew, to the number of 120, perished.

April 4.—After a thorough discussion the Cabinet of Great Britain decided against formally establishing a protectorate over Egypt.—General Jabez W. Fitch, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, died in Cleveland, aged 61.

April 7.—William Penn Chandler, a well-known citizen of Philadelphia, lawyer, editor, and publicist, died, aged 64.—The Senate, after a long debate and many amendments, passed the Blair Education Bill. In its final shape it appropriates \$77,000,000 to be distributed among the states in proportion to their illiteracy on the basis of the census of 1880, the payments of the money to extend over a series of eight years. The amount to be distributed the first year is \$7,000,000; the second, \$10,000,000; the third, \$15,000,000; the sums then diminishing at the rate of \$2,000,000 annually until the eighth year, when all appropriations cease.—Municipal elections were held in Ohio towns on Monday.—Cambridge defeated Oxford easily in the annual boat race on the Thames.—The Berlin *North German Gazette* (Prince Bismarck's organ) of this date said: "By his physician's advice, Prince Bismarck renounces the control of the affairs of the Prussian Government, but retains the direction of imperial affairs. In this capacity he occupies a personal and untransferable position of confidence toward foreign Powers. Besides, foreign affairs are free from the friction so greatly connected with home matters."—Emmanuel Geibel, the German lyric poet, died at the age of 60.—Gustav Richter, the German painter, died at the age of 61. One of his most admirable works is entitled "Jesus Reviving the Daughter of Jairus," which was painted for the King of Prussia, and appeared at the Paris Salon of 1857.

April 8.—The First National Bank of St. Albans, Vt., suspended. The deposits amounted to \$215,000, which it is probable will be paid in full.—The police magistrate, at Toronto, in the legislative bribery-conspiracy case, decided that there was sufficient evidence to commit the four defendants, Wilkinson, Meek, Bunting and Kirkland, to stand trial on the charge of conspiracy. During the reading of the decision Kirkland fainted and was carried from the room.—Joshua Vansant, an honored citizen of Baltimore, who had been Mayor and Comptroller of the city, and member of Congress, died aged 81.—C. Martin Steele, a lawyer of Western Pennsylvania, who had been United States consul at Moscow, died in Wyoming County, Pa., aged 60.

April 9.—A bill for the preservation of the Adirondack forests passed by the State Senate on Wednesday.—The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention met at Allentown. Resolutions were adopted containing the Ohio tariff plank, and declaring for Samuel J. Randall as the choice of the Convention for President.

—The Republicans of Missouri, in Convention at Sedalia, passed resolutions renewing their allegiance to the national platform of 1880, approving of President Arthur's administration, and pledging their support to the national nominees of the party.

April 11.—Charles Reade, the distinguished English novelist, died in London, aged 70. He was the son of a country gentleman, and was graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1835. Before he was thirty he brought out "Gold," a drama. His first very successful novel was "Peg Woffington," published in 1852. "Christie Johnstone" followed with almost equal success. The most famous among his novels are "Hard Cash," "Griffith Gaunt," and "Put Yourself in His Place."—The House passed the Senate Bill offering a reward of \$25,000 to any vessel rescuing or ascertaining the fate of Lieutenant Greely and his party.

April 12.—The *Dolphin*, the first of the four new steel cruisers ordered by the Navy Department was launched from the Roach ship-yard, Chester, Pa.—George A. Leeter, President of the Providence and Worcester Railroad, died, aged 67.—Experiments were made at Fort Hamilton, New York, with a four-inch air-gun, designed to project dynamite cartridges. At an elevation of twenty degrees cartridges were thrown 2,100 yards, striking within four feet of the object aimed at. A six-inch gun is to be tried, which, it is said, will project a cartridge three miles. The cartridges will hold from twenty-five to one hundred pounds of dynamite—enough to sink in an instant any ship struck.—Egan, Daly and Fitzgerald, the alleged dynamiters, were arraigned before the magistrates and remanded to jail.

April 13.—Another unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate the President of Guatemala.—Henry J. Byron, one of the most prolific and successful of modern English playwrights, died in London, aged 49. His most successful play was "Our Boys." Among his other plays are "Blow for Blow," "The Lancashire Lass," "Dearer than Life," "The Prompter's Box," and "The American Lady."

April 14.—A meeting of representatives of various Boards of Trade of the country was held in Washington, at which resolutions were adopted asking a discontinuance, for two years at least, of the coinage of the standard dollar.—John Y. Muirbridge, a leading lawyer of New Hampshire, died in Concord, aged 52.—The Senate passed the Naval Appropriation Bill with the amendment providing for the building of new steel cruisers. Two million dollars is added to continue work on the double-turreted monitors.—Jean Baptiste Dumas died at the age of 84. In 1849, he was made Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and was Vice-President of the Senate from 1861 to 1863. In 1876 he was elected to Guizot's chair in the French Academy.—The Rev. Dr. John C. Backus, pastor emeritus of the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, and one of the most prominent clergymen in his denomination, died at the age of 73.

April 15.—Hung Hoa was captured by the French. This terminates the campaign in Tonquin.—The Duke of Buccleuch, formerly a conservative leader in the House of Lords, and a well-known patron of art and literature, died in London, aged 78.—Right Rev. Dr. Robert Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon, died in London on the 15th inst., aged 68.—President Arthur nominated Charles E. Coon, of New York, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in place of John C. New, resigned.

April 16.—After full discussion in the Assembly and many amendments having been voted down the six Roosevelt reform bills were passed by very large majorities.

April 17.—The Secretary of the Navy has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$25,000 for the discovery of Lieutenant Greely, to any persons not in the military or naval service of the United States.

April 20.—Four hundred and fifty refugees, who were flying from Shendy to Berber on a steamer, ran the vessel ashore, were surrounded by Arabs and all massacred, and the ship burned.—General Gordon has declared his independence of the home government.

April 22.—The eastern counties of England were visited by a severe earthquake. Many buildings were thrown down or seriously damaged.

